THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND THE LIFE OF NEW YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1832.

FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 45.
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:

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PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

During the past ten days we have amused ourselves with observing the workings of political strife among our citizens on the subject of the Pennsylvania Election. A single glimpse down Wall-street was sufficient to tell the nature of the last intelligence. If Wolf was gaining, the Bulletin of the STANDARD was surrounded with crowds of eager readers of the gladdening news. If Ritner was ahead, the ADVOCATE office was thronged with smiling faces, greedily perusing the announcement of his successful progress. On one side you would hear congratulations for the Hero—on the other, equally joyous greetings in behalf of the Orator of the West. On one day the Clay party would elongate their faces to a most melancholy length;—on the next, the Jackson men were mournfully wending their way to their business with countenances depicted with sorrow and despair. Thus the *game* continued to alternate—exciting hopes and fears, joys and regrets—until Tuesday evening, when the "great agony" was over, and the announcement of the election of WOLF broke the spell, and dissolved the elements of the wordy warfare.

To an unconcerned spectator the scene was an interesting one. Deeply as all seemed to feel, yet the theatre of action was too far removed, and local interests and feelings too little involved to excite angry emotions of any kind—while the prophets of either party were strengthening the assurance of "the believers" with their prognostications, and seducing them into the belief that their means of information were beyond the reach of ordinary mortals and could be relied on. The Editor of the COURIER & ENQUIRER, however, threw his friends into a "glorious puzzle" by offering to bet on *both* sides, thus disturbing the confidence of those who were anticipating the pleasure of clothing themselves at the expense of their friends. Still the "play went on"—large bets were shunned, but small ones were offered and taken, including every article of dress from a cent to a pair of gloves. New hats are now as plenty as paving stones—boots as cheap as dirt—and as for coats and pants, they glisten on every corner with a most reflective glare in the faces of those who paid for them.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BALTIMORE RACES.—It will be seen from an advertisement in to-day's paper, that the Races over the Central Course, Baltimore, will take place on the 23d inst. instead of the 5th, as advertised, and continue as usual, four days. We advise our friends who have a few day's leisure, to "make tracks" for Baltimore, and see the trial for the *Post Stake*. It will be a "screamer"—the entrance being $500, p. p. and the Proprietor adding $1,000; four subscribers. We cannot of course, designate what horses are *entered*, but Mr. Stevens has sent on his *O'Kelly*, *Black Maria*, and others: Mr. Badger, the *Flying Dutchman*, and Col. Johnson and Major Selden the remaining subscribers, own so many "good 'uns to go," that we have promise of better sport, than has been offered this season.

P. S.—We regret to learn, since writing the above, that the Flying Dutchman has been withdrawn by Mr. Badger, on account of some injury he sustained at the late Lancaster Races.—Mr. S. has sent on for Mr. Van Mater's Gen. Jackson, who will probably make one of the four that will start for this plendid purse.

"OLD DOMINION." Our friends will bear in mind that the Fall Meeting, of the Fairfield Jockey Club, takes place on the 30th of the present month. Every accommodation will be provided at the Fairfield Dwelling House for visitors, and as the produce of nearly all the best stables in Virginia are entered, our Sporting friends have great anticipations of this meeting.

The Tree Hill Fall Meeting, (also postponed) will take place on Wednesday, the 14th of Nov. next.

YANKEE TROTTERS.—We learn from a correspondent that a Trotting Match, and a good one too, came off near the Saugus Bridge, Lynn, Ms. between the celebrated trotter, *Ephraim Smooth*, a Boston horse, formerly, we believe, if not at present, owned by our friend, R. DAVIS, Esq. and a fine *Racker*, from Lowell. The match was for $600, one mile heat, and "Ephraim, the trotter," according to the bet, was to come out ten rods ahead in order to win! Though the match seems rather an odd one, the horses "*did the thing, genteelly*," the Lowell racker winning the purse by about four lengths. Time, 2m. 46s.

FOX HUNTING.—The Montreal Club, which a short time since was presented by Commodore BARRIE with fourteen couple of Hounds, seem to be enjoying this exhilarating sport with great zest, if we may judge of the almost daily appointments of their meeting.

The Gazette of that city frequently gives us most delightful accounts of their brilliant runs, as the following, which we copy from that valuable print of the 9th inst. will demonstrate.

On Saturday last, found in a cover on Delonpre's farm, and "got away" in beautiful style, hounds well settled to their fox, and the race first rate. The field, in consequence of meeting with one or two impracticable fences, called stoppers, were obliged to make a tour, and came in with the hounds at fault among some earths. Could make nothing of it, so crossed the Petit Cote road, and hunted the covers on Proctor's farm, tally-hoed a fox, which being a young one was killed after a short run. Returned to the same cover, and almost immediately the "hark to bumper" gave note of preparation. He proved to be an old stager, and kept the hounds in full chorus after him for nearly an hour, and had it not been for the fast closing day, a second brush would doubtless have crowned this excellent day's sport.

SWEDISH SPORTING STATISTICS.—A French paper devoted to statistics, calculates there were killed in Sweden, in 1831, 139 bears, 408 wolves, 217 lynxes, 8168 foxes, 58 cormorants, 1219 martens and otters, 31 beavers, 985 sea-dogs, 175 eagles, and 1278 falcons and owls.

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.—Our "disciples of old Izaak" have enjoyed fine sport this week at Castle Garden catching Bass. We understand that on Tuesday last, 1300 were taken from the bridge and outer wall of this delightful Garden, which is every day thronged with "knights of the rod." The bass are plenty, and at this season are esteemed by *connoisseurs* excellent for the table. We say to our city friends—Go to Taylor's—get your rod and tackle—wend your way to the Battery—and we doubt not you will find the sport to exceed your most sanguine expectations. Indeed,

Let those now fish who never fished before,
And those who always fished, now fish the more.

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

CHEAP AND DEAR.—Mr. Watson Taylor's *deer* were sold so cheap, that they were not *dear* after all.

ALARMING TO LADIES.—The Leeds Patriot says—"It is with pleasure we learn that the Board of Health has given orders for the Lady Beck to be thoroughly cleansed." Every Lady Rebecca in the county became terribly alarmed, till it was recollected that a *Beck* in the North of England means a *Brook*, which set many feminine minds at rest, who could not at first *brook* the idea of being cleansed out at the *beck* of the Leeds Board of Health.

SCOTCH CANNIBALS.—We had our doubts that cannibalism really existed even in the most uncivilized regions,—which doubts were lately put to rest by reading in the *Fife Herald* that 900 individuals were *served up* with porter, bread, and beef, in honor of the reform bill.

SIC TRANSIT, &C.—It is gravely published as an article of news, that "Prince Talleyrand last Thursday took an *emetic*."

ENCOMIASTIC CAPERS.—An admirer of Taglioni, in a morning paper, says, "the sun of her dancing set in a storm of applause."

The WINDSOR ENCAMPMENT is justified on the principle that a *standing* army should never *sit* still."

THEATRICAL ATTRACTION must have been great on Thursday week, when the Haymarket advertised "Much Ado about Nothing," and the English Opera, "Call again To-morrow."

Most of the reform dinners have gone of pretty well, but the Brandon hill entertainment *went off* by the assistance of a Bristolian mob, more *rapidly* than any of them.

CONCEITED, BUT NOT SEATED.—Several Tory members are announced as about to *stand* at the ensuing elections—and indeed it is probable many of them will have to do so after them, for there are very few who can reasonably expect to *sit*.

EPITAPH IN THETFORD CHURCH-YARD.

My grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perished with a mortification in his thighs,
My sister dropped down in the Minories;
But the reason why I'm here interred, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking:
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or any thing strong.

A modern writer thus enumerates the expression of the female eye:—"the glare, the stare, the leer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, the lustre of pleasure."

The *Gazette of Madrid* compares Ferdinand VII. to Titus. In fact when this benevolent Prince passes a day without causing one of his subjects to be hanged or shot, he exclaims, like the Roman Prince, "I've lost a day."

ANY GIVEN NUMBER.

Oysters, quoth Patrick, are a dear delight,
As he and Sawney finished their *tenth* score;
For they don't satisfy the appetite—
The more I eat, I still desire more.
Troth, replied Sawney, they are a dainty food,
They do not clog the stomach or incumber;
For my own part, I really think I could
At any time eat any *given* number.

JUST REPRESENTATION.—A French constitutional priest, who had usually a very small congregation to attend his labors, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, after a short pause, observed that he could no longer find fault with his district for non-attendance, because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their *representatives*.

EARLY DRAMA.—Previous to the restoration of Charles II. no woman was admitted on the stage, but the female characters were performed by young men in female costume. The King, coming to the house rather before his usual time, found the *dramatis personæ* not ready to appear, when his Majesty not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent one of his attendants to learn the cause of the delay. The manager knowing that the best excuse he could make to the merry monarch would be the truth, went to the royal box, and plainly told his Majesty that "the *Queen* was not yet *shaved!*"—Charles accepted the apology, and laughed heartily until the Queen was effeminated, and the curtain drew up.

Extract of a letter dated Macon, Oct. 3d, 1832.

"HOMICIDE.—Mr. Thomas M. Ellis, proprietor of the Bank of Macon, was shot in the street yesterday morning, and died in about five hours after. The quarrel ensued, we understand, in consequence of Mr. Ellis refusing to show the books and lists of the bank."

We understand that Mr. Ellis was shot by a person of the name of Byrom—that a quarrel had taken place between the parties, and that both had pistols, and fired about the same time, Ellis without effect.—*Augusta Ga. Chronicle.*

ARISTOCRATIC WEALTH.—It is said that the vast estates of the Duke of Buccleuch (supposed to be worth £250,000 annually,) produce to his Grace a greater income than do the privy purse of the King, the allowance to the Queen, and the salaries of the great officers of the Household.

MOST APPALLING MURDER.—At Vienna, the 6th instant, an individual, maddened by heavy losses in gambling, murdered his wife and four children, and afterwards hung himself.

CLEAR DIRECTION.—Among the unclaimed letters now lying in the Post Office, there is one with the following enigmatical superscription;—"A Mester Mester Jonson, Sep Mekeler Beforan Mester Chriestach."

KNOCKED INTO NOTICE.—Dr. Portal, in high repute as a physician, recently died in Paris.—When he began business, knowing that, in a great capital like Paris, quackery answers well enough for those without talents, the Dr. determined for once to make it serve the purpose of merit. To this end he ordered his man to knock daily at all the hotels in the city, and inquire for Dr. Portal. No one, of course, knew anything of Dr. Portal, but by frequent repetition of the name, and stunned by the noise of the knockers, people began to suspect he was some able man in his line, and for once the conjecture was right.

EPIGRAMS.

On employing horses on the Stage.

No wonder that nightly such companies press
And for places "tis catch as catch can;"
The reason is clear, and all must confess
That a horse will *draw* more than a man.

On a Tough Beefsteak.

By the powers, I thought my jaws would break,
While I was chewing that *tough* beef-steak;
Sure, commissecur nor judge did buy it,
If so he had no teeth to try it.

From the French.

"Reader by these four lines take heed,
And mend your life for my sake:
For you must die like *Isaac Read*,
Though you *read* till your *eyes ache*."

The following dramatic criticism has appeared chalked on the walls of Chester:

"Vondenhöff acts nearer nater,
Than any man in the Royal Thater."

An Irish tailor who had made a gentleman's coat and waistcoat too small, had orders to take them home and *let them out*. Some days after, the gentleman enquiring for his garments, was told by the tailor, that the coat and waistcoat happening to fit a countryman of his, he had *let them out at eighteen pence a week*.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Monday, a young female charged an old woman with "putting a spell upon her," so that she could not venture to take up any thing in the crockery line without letting it fall and smashing it to pieces! She said that the old woman was a "witch," and had put a spell not only on her, but on a man who was now bed-ridden, and would continue so till the spell was taken off.—The defendant said, that the charge was made out of spite by the complainant, who was always quarrelling with her neighbors.—Complainant: She rattles marbles in a tea-pot at my door in the middle of the night, and fetches up rats alive out of the cellar by the tails, and lets them loose upon me; and moreover, she is a killer of cats.—Mr. Chambers said, that he should listen to no more of their nonsense. If the complainant and defendant had been alive 150 years ago, one would have been ducked for a scold, and the other burned for a witch!

REAL OR MOCK TURTLE.—When Matthews, the Comedian, was on his passage from Liverpool to this country, he observed on deck one day an Irishman, who was attentively regarding a pet turtle that belonged to one of the sailors. With that spirit of curiosity which is always on the lookout for fun, Matthews approached the object of his admiration, when our Irishman, turning towards him, observed, "Faith, sir, and that's a curious *bird!*" "Bird!" said Matthews, "my good fellow, it's more of a *fish*." "A fish!" rejoined Pat, "well now that's strange, by the powers!"—"They call it turtle," continued the comedian—"O! is it turtle!" exclaimed Pat, "indeed, and I've heard of turtle;" (turning round to Matthews) "I beg your pardon, sir, but is this *real* or *mock* turtle."

CANINE SAGACITY.—Thursday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, a number of lads, from 10 to 12 years of age, were amusing themselves bathing in the Regent's Canal, between Mestwater bridge, Regent's park, and the Locks, Hampstead road, when one of them, the son of Capt. Griffiths, residing in Seymour-st. Somerstown, got out of his depth. The poor little fellow called to his companions for assistance, but none of them being able to swim, they could not render him any. Capt. Burton, a gentleman residing in the Alpha-cottages, Regent's park, who was swimming his large Newfoundland dog about 100 yards from where the lads were bathing, hearing the cry of "Help me, help me,—I am drowning," called his dog out of the water, and ran to the spot, when he directed the animal's attention to the drowning youth, who instantly sprang into the canal, and seizing him by the hair of his head, succeeded in bringing him safe on shore, just as he was on the point of sinking. After a short time he recovered, and proceeded home with some of his companions.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—Saturday a most dreadful outrage against humanity was committed at Hornclift, not far from Berwick, which has struck the whole district with horror and amazement.—Two lads, of the names of Paxton and Percy, had a dispute about a game cock, which led to frequent quarrels, and on the day above mentioned, they again came to high words, and it is said eventually to blows. Whilst this was going on, Percy's father, an old man, procured a large knife and deliberately attacking his son's opponent, stabbed him in the belly, cutting him across, so that his bowels, as he fell, protruded on the ground. Not content with this dreadful deed, he turned upon Paxton's brother, another young man, who came up to assist, and stabbed him in several places! The first victim lingered till Sunday morning, in great agony, when death relieved him from his sufferings; the other young man still survives, but in a hopeless state. The old monster retired to a corn-field, and cut his own throat, but not effectually, as he was found bleeding shortly after, and the wound having been attended to, he is likely to survive to stand his trial for those horrid crimes.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

EXTRAORDINARY FISH.—On the 23d ult. was caught in the river Wye near Bough-road Boat by John Snead, Esq. of Glastbury a sturgeon, weighing 131 lbs., measuring eight feet six inches in length.

A young man 18 years of age and his grandfather aged 71 were both married in this city last week.

A gentleman one morning asked a little barefoot boy, what his mother did for a living? "She eats cold victuals, sir," was the reply.

The following unpublished Boat Song, or glee has lately and somewhat accidentally fallen in our way. It is from the pen of our gifted and esteemed poetical correspondent and friend, J. H. WILLIS, of Quebec, and has been, we understand, most spiritedly and beautifully set to music by S. Codman, Esq. of that city, a gentleman whose known and acknowledged high professional ability is beyond any eulogium of ours. It was jointly produced by the above gentlemen, for one of the many Boat Clubs in existence during the past summer, when Regattas and aquatics of all kinds were so much 'the go' with 'the fancy' of the Canadian capital.—*Montreal Gazette.*

ORIGINAL BOAT MELODY.

Could the reader, by any happy stretch of imagination, fancy himself for a moment one of a hearty crew of dandy amateur blue jackets, all right 'good fellows and true'—nor a spoonified tiped in frame or fashion among them—'pulling away' handsomely in a trim built 'varmint craft' over the deepening agure of the splended bay, spreading its magnificent expanse before the cannon-covered ramparts of the 'city of the rock,' in the delicious summer twilight—and just too, it may be, in that exquisite and shadowy hour when the evening gun, from the lofty and loadly citadel, booms sullenly but not unmusically over the slumbering waters—and an early rising moon is touching wave and tower and tree with a mellow and silvery light—and the fair things of earth and heaven around seem wrapt in the misty and mystic hues of Paradise—and looks of loveliness, that are never gazed upon but to be worshipped, are near;—then, then indeed, may be felt a partial sympathy with the excitement under which these lines were produced.

Hark! comrades, hark! the evening gun
(Pull away steadily—all pull cheerily,)
Booms from the land at set of sun;
(Pull away readily—all pull merrily.)
Bend to your oars, for the night breeze will soon
Ripple the wave to the silvery moon;
Happy are we,
Fearless and free,
Pulling away o'er the moonlit sea.

Pull away, boys, with main and might,
(All pull readily—pull, mates, cheerily,)
Looks that we love are hear to-night;
(Pull, brothers, steadily—all pull merrily.)
Our boat, like a sea-bird, seems swiftly along,
To the dip of our oars and the chime of our song;
Hearty are we,
Merry and free,
Pulling away o'er the dark blue sea.

Ladies at least land-on cheap
(Pull, lads, readily—all pull merrily,)
Beauty smiles on the sons of the deep;
(Pull, boys, steadily—pull away cheerily.)
And beautiful eyes, let them say what they will,
Beam ever brightest on blue jackets still:
Happy are we,
Jovial and free,
Pulling away o'er a heavy sea.

Merrily, when we reach the chore,
(Pull away readily—all pull merrily,)
Cups we'll drain to the lads of the oar;
(Pull, boys, steadily—all pull cheerily.)
And feelin' and fun shall be ours, till we
Are bounding again o'er the dark blue sea:
For happy are we,
And fearless and free,
Pulling our boat o'er the moonlit sea.

THE DILEMMA.

"By St. Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. Standing upon the neighboring heights, he watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, whilst, a little farther off, the last beams of the setting sun were playing upon the walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and about a mile to the right of it, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and as he thought of her he sighed. I wonder why he sighed! When they parted, two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents, (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the two families,) they had sworn eternal fidelity, and plighted their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by the same things. After so long an absence many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down upon the first bed of wild flowers he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy.

"My father will be amazingly glad to see me, and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antediluvian butler, Morgan-ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer Juno, and so will my pony, Troilus;—a pretty figure, by the by, I should cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby too, with his great gouty leg, will hobble through the room in ecstacy as soon as I present myself: and Julia—poor Julia, will blush, and smile, and come flying into my arms like a shuttlecock. Heigho! I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs and her tender glances and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain. What in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of *penchant* for her once when I was a mere boy, in my nurses' leading strings. I believe I *did* give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but, now—Oh! Rosalind! dear—delightful!"—

Here his feelings overpowered him, and, pulling a miniature from his bosom, he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was *not* the miniature of Julia.

"But what is to be done?" he at length resumed. "The poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked a man on the head in battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman. By St. Agatha! it must not be. I must be true to my engagement. Yes! though I myself become a martyr. I must obey the dictates of honor. Forgive me, Rosalind, heavenliest object of my adoration! Let me die, Fitzclarence!——

Here his voice became quite inarticulate, and as he winded down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast, (for notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite) and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table with the large, long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in on a little silver tray a letter from Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarence:

"My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to-day. Yours, Fitzclarence."

Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her apartment, and thither we must for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any thing of the sort. She rang the bell: her confidential attendant Alice answered the summons.

"La, ma'am," said she, "what is the matter? You look as ill as my old aunt Bridget."

"You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?" said the lady languidly, and at the same time, slightly blushing.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I think I have. He was to have been married to you before he went to the wars."

"He has returned, Alice, and will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away; and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me; and his tastes and mine are so congenial:—I am sure you know, Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome, and so amiable?" To be sure, ma'am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr. Fitzclarence must just break his heart if he pleases or else fight a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton, with his swords and guns."

"O, Alice you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave. I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he doats upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him you may depend upon it he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice, what could I say for myself were his remains found in his bed some morning."

History does not report what Alice said her mistress might under such circumstances say for herself, but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagement. Notwithstanding every exertion, however, on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that "flow of soul" which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said, boldly,

"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the garden and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters."

Alfred thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence.

"How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia, with a sigh. "No no, I cannot break his heart." "Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are on me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs, but except as the pebbles dashed against each other as they passed over them not a sound was to be heard. Julia, however, was at length observed to hem twice, and we understand that Fitzclarence politely coughed an acknowledgment of the said hems. The lady stopped and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped also, and plucked a jonquil. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh, Alfred immediately sighed too. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation.

"Miss Appleby!" said he, at last.

"Sir?"

"It is two years I think, since we parted."

"Yes, two years on the fifteenth of this month."

Alfred was silent.

"How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."

There was a pause.

"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia.

"Oh! a very great deal, replied her lover."

Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and drew in a vast mouthful of courage.

"I am told the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."

"Generally speaking I believe they are."

"Sir!"

"That is—I mean—I beg pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that—you have dropped your rose."

Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up; but in so doing, the little minature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuously on his breast like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia."

"Good heavens! Alfred, that is my cousin Rosalind!"

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how? the miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! be comforted. I am a very wretch! but I shall be faithful; do not turn away love: do not weep; Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you? She is in hysterics; she will go distracted, Julia! I will marry you I swear to you by"—

"Do not swear by any thing at all," cried Julia unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature, too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have both been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

"By St. Agatha! we are—only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that stripling has actually no whiskers."

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her irresistible."

"Well, I believe you are right, and beside de gustibus—I beg pardon. I was going to quote Latin."

AN EDITOR OF A THOUSAND.—The editor of a paper published at Haverhill says—"With regard to our own support, we are satisfied—abundantly satisfied."

Two gentlemen fishing a day or two since, for bass, from the Castle Garden Bridge, New-York, were much surprised at having each caught the same fish. It appeared, on investigation, that the bass was fairly hooked by the parties, on either side of the mouth; and a dispute arose who was the rightful owner, which was decided in favor of the angler whose hook was deepest in the fish's mouth.

A GALLANT EDITOR.—Dr. A. Phileo, Editor of the *Galenian*, Illinois, who left his Press, his Types, and his *Devil*, to go and fight the Indians, and who killed and scalped two of them, has gone to attack the *Cholera* at Rock Island: we wish him success wherever he goes.

A facetious writer in the west speaking of the superior attractions of a cotton country, thus expresses himself: "My own opinion is, if there were a country where cotton grew better than any other, though it were so sickly that the people had to breakfast, dine, and sup on calomel and jalap, and sleep with blisters on their backs every night in the year, it would be inhabited by the cotton planters."

We find the following in the Chronicle of yesterday:—

"The author of a work on the state of society in England says:—"Almost every boy has a mother."—We bow submissively to his erudition.

A boy a short time since, on undergoing an examination at the police office, chimed maternity of one of his *aunts*. *U. S. Gaz.*

☞ SYLVESTER requests us to state, the $10,000 prize in Wednesday's Lottery was sent from his office to Pittsburgh, Pa.; and it was only three weeks ago that Sylvester sold to Matthew Watson, Esq. the $30,000 in a whole ticket.

A THREAT EXPLAINED.—"Your unchristian virulence against me," said a Huguenot, who had been persecuted for preaching, "shall cost hundreds of people their lives." This menace brought the author into trouble; he was cited to a court of justice, and was charged with harboring the most bloody designs against his fellow-subjects. "I am innocent," said he, "of all you lay to my account. My only meaning was, that I intended (since I could not act as a minister) to practise as a physician."

SHOCKING!—The Vincennes Gazette complains that the National Intelligencer for the country, now published semi-weekly, is not received *thrice* a week at the Vincennes Post-Office!

The Boston Transcript relates the following ludicrous incident, which occurred at the Brigade Review in Boston, last Wednesday morning, just as the Brigade had been brought into line:

An alarm of fire was sounded, and the fire apparatus put in motion. Many of the soldiers do double duty—are in the train bands and in the Fire Department—and many of them love the smell of burning rafters equally as well as the smoke of gunpowder.

One Company of Militia was composed almost entirely of such young men. They heard the bells, listened patiently for a while to the cry of fire, but when the Engines and Hose carriages rattled through Tremont street, they could stand to their arms no longer. One dropt his musket and ran, another and another followed, until the whole company was in motion, all flying to rally round the Chief Engineer, in despite of the cries of halt, halt, stop, stop, come back, come back, &c. &c. vociferated by their military commander and re-echoed by a host of boys and men, who loved the fun and rent the air with their boisterous machinations. The alarm proved to be false and the deserters returned to their duty when they had fully ascertained that is was so, but not until then, could any persuasion bring them back to their allegiance, notwithstanding their captain frowned and locked unutterable things.

A NEW YORK TRICK.

The New York wits, it is well known, are so fond of amusing themselves and others, by publishing account, of "Yankee Tricks," that if they cannot find them ready made, they will manufacture them out of whole cloth. That the Yankees possess, as John Bull says, "a great deal of cleverness in the art of trickery," is not denied. But that they are the only "clever fellows" in Uncle Sam's vast domains, is denied without hesitation. In proof of the truth of this denial, I take the liberty to lay before the public the following veritable story.

Within the memory of many, still in the land of the living, it came to pass that a citizen of the Commercial Emporium journeyed to the Green Mountains and Granite States; and he must needs pass through the land of "steady habits."

On his way through this highly favoured region, about the going down of the sun, it behooved him to seek a lodging place for the night, where he might procure refreshment for himself and his faithful beast on which he rode. By this time he had become sufficiently acquainted with the country to know that, if he steered for the steeple of a church he was sure to find hard by it the sign-post of a tavern; for from old times this people have been famous for "scratching hard" to provide for the body, as well as the soul; to gain the treasure of this world as well as that which is to come.

Our traveller alighted at the door of the inn, and soon found Jonathan, the landlord. On inquiring if he could be furnished with accommodation for himself and horse through the night, he received, for an answer, "I guess you can." "Then I reckon I will stop with you," replied the traveller.

The horse being accommodated in the barn, and the man in a apartment separated from the bar-room, Jonathan sat down and began at once to smoke his pipe and his guest. The questions, which are usually put on like occasions in this land of freedom, were speedily proposed by Jonathan, namely—"What may I call your name? Where are you from?—Where are you going? What is your business?" To these queries the stranger replied: "I am of Dutch extraction; my name is Van Dam Quiz'em; I come from Yawk: I am bound to Massachoosett, Varmount Hampshire and the towns round, and my business is to speculate on cats."

At the word SPECULATE Jonathan laid down his pipe, and eagerly enquired how many cats he wanted, and what he could afford to give a piece for a lot of them. The reply was that he expected to obtain them at from fifty cents to a dollar each, according to the age, size, and suitable training of the animal. Jonathan's next query was as to the meaning of the phrase "suitable training." The reply was that the animals must be confined, in an upper story of the house, where light is admitted through one pane of glass only.—Here they must be fed high, and every third day or oftener, a man must enter the apartment, fasten the door after him, and lash them severely with a stout whip, till they become still, tame and obedient.—After some conversation it was stipulated that at the return of Mynheer Van Dam Quiz'em from his excursion to the north, he should be supplied by the said Jonathan with a number of cats and kittens, not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred, trained according to the discipline aforesaid. The next morning came, the stranger proceeded on his journey, and Jonathan went busily to work to fit his garret for the reception of this new article of speculation. There was near his establishment another essential requisite for the centre of a New England village, namely, a large public school house, filled with sturdy boys and ragged girls. To these Jonathan gave notice that he would pay from 4 to 9 pence a piece for as many as they would bring him; payment to be made according to the age and size of the animal produced. This was as interesting a speculation to the young urchins, as the landlord's expected one was to him, so at the end of the week the tavern garret became the prison of a full hundred of the feline race. At sundown on Saturday, Jonathan furnished a supply of food, sufficient to sustain his prisoners over the Sabbath, and then set his house in order for keeping holy time. It is true during the night and day devoted to holy resting, there was much noise in the garret, resembling at one time the racing of a regiment of rats, and at another the music of the celebrated Billings, performed by a singing school in their earliest attempt in psalmody. Jonathan was then many times tempted to ascend and inflict the prescribed discipline; but concluded on the whole that this was the suggestion of the Evil one to induce him to break the Sabbath, he deferred it to sundown of the Lord's day, at which hour holy time ceased in the land of steady habits.

The sun had no sooner sunk behind the western hills, than Jonathan's go-to-meeting dress was exchanged for his frock and trowsers, and Belamy's "True Religion Delineated" laid aside for the enormous CART-WHIP. Thus equipped he mounted the topmost steps of the stair case, carefully entered his CATTERY, fastened the door, and began to lay about him with his whip most lustily. Such a battle now raged as has never been sung by any poet, either ancient or modern, serious or comic; and for this plain reason, such a contest never happened before, and in all human probability never will hereafter. To the dog-matica, attack of the assailant, there was opposed a CAT-egorical defence by the assailed. Some of the latter in a state of desperation, sprung like lightning at the pane of glass to secure retreat, and one, more hardy than the rest, soon succeeded in dashing it to atoms and falling into the street; and several immediately followed with all possible celerity. Whether they reached the ground feet downwards and unharmed, or whether they belonged to the list of killed or wounded, I have not heard.

Meanwhile the main body attacked Jonathan *ri et armis*, which has been interpreted tooth and nail. Now it was that he roared with Stentorian vociferation, "fire! murder! blood and thunder!" 'till the door was burst open by those who came to his relief, when he went down stairs more suddenly than ever he came up, and in a much more unnatural and uncouth manner—for he was wont to ascend head over heels; but now he descended heels over head, followed and run over by nearly a hundred animals of the fiercest nature, seeking what appeared fo them, "long lost liberty." As the cats dropped from the window, and rushed out at the street door, they were met by the neighbors, who had assembled about the inn, in consequence of the commencement of the time for secular affairs, and the alarm which had been given. These stared with no less wonderment and affright, than was occasioned by the midnight march of the Windham Frogs to the funeral of their departed chieftain, which has been so sweetly celebrated in song by one of the bards of this western world. Jonathan was scarcely cured of his wounds, when the fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Mynheer Van Dam Quiz'em had agreed to call and fulfil his part of the engagement. With true Dutch punctuality he called upon the landlord to know if the cats were ready, assuring him the money was on hand ready to pay for them—"Darnation seize the cats and the money too!" exclaimed Jonathan. "I guess sure enough your name is Dam Quiz'em, for you have played upon me a quiz, a bite, and a scratch into the bargain. But howsomever if you'll promise never to tell on't, you shall have as much as you and your horse can eat and drink, in welcome, free gratis for nothing at all."

This our traveller faithfully promised, declaring it was merely a slight off-set for the wooden nutmegs, horn gun-flints, and oak leaf and skunk cabbage cigars, which he purchased of the puritanical tin pedlars. Whether he kept his word, or whether like the seceding Mason, he felt bound in conscience to reveal the secret to the world, or whether the landlord's wife told it as a profound secret to one of her sister gossips, which is the surest way to make any transaction public, is not ascertained. This is certain, that by some means or other, "the cat has been let out of the bag," and the story is here related as a warning to all to be careful what questions they ask, and still more, to be careful what credit they give to the answers they receive.—YEOMAN'S GAZETTE.

TORTURING of the Knight TEMPLARS
From "the Priest and the Jewess, a Chronicle of the time of Philip the Fourth."

On his entrance into the Hall of Tortures, Philip of France seated himself in a large arm chair of crimson velvet, the only ornament of this theatre of the cruelty and barbarity of the 14th century. Enguerrand and the other nobles of his train were seated behind him, on benches so coarsely and carelessly made, that save for the want of blood upon them, they might easily have been mistaken for instruments of torture. The king commanded the culprits to be brought before him, forgetting, in his eagerness to make them acknowledge their crimes, that even their confession could not blind him to the motive which urged him to persecute them. A side door suddenly opened, and preceded by their jailor, six Templars entered the hall of their doom. Jacques Molai entered at their head. He bowed to the king, as did his companions, with the exception of one, who passed proudly in front of the king and his train, and seated himself on a bench near them: Philip pretended not to see him, and seemed hesitating whether or no to return the salutes made to him by the others who came slowly one by one, through the dark and narrow door. All was calm and silent in that dismal hall. At last the king spoke—"Let those knights," said he, "who have made a sincere confession of their crimes, and have thus attained their liberty, repeat here, in the presence of their God and of their king, what they have already confessed in private, that it may be known that no worldly thoughts of feelings have urged us to this trial. Our sole object is the honor and glory of the church."—Some of the prisoners raised their eyes to the face of the king, as he made this hypocritical speech, but instantly cast them again to the ground.

Flamel touched his friend's elbow, and he, raising his voice to the highest pitch, exclaimed, "I, Guilien de Boisne, Knight of the Temple, declare the order of Knights Templar unworthy of existence, and infamous, for felony, impiety, blasphemy, and crimes of every kind."

"May the God of Truth confound thee!" exclaimed the Grand Master.

The enraged Boisne replied, "May all the devils in hell seize"——

"Silence!" cried Philip. "Molai, wait till thou art questioned, or rather see it, among the knights who accompany thee, there are none likely to make the confession I require; if not, tortures must extract it."

"There are none here who fear thy tortures," replied the Grand Master calmly.

"Thy boast shall not avail thee," replied Philip. "Thou thyself shalt feel if the executioner understands his business. Drag Molai to the torture!"

The Grand Master gave the king one glance of supreme contempt, and exclaimed with fervor, "God grant me strength to bear this trial." A yellow curtain at the bottom of the hall drew up with a horrid creaking noise, and in the midst of wheels, and racks, saws, screws and other fearful instruments, stood a half-naked man, humming the tune of a drinking song, and greasing with a sort of yellowish and dirty lard, the screws and hinges of the different machines. He gazed for one moment stupidly and vacantly around him, and then continued his occupation. Among the assembled persons in that hall some turned away their heads, others shuddered, while Flamel smiled and pressed the hand of Guillen de Boisne, who considered himself most happy in having escaped from the tortures which now threatened the ill-fated Grand Master of the Templars. "Choose," cried Philip, "confess thy crimes or seat thyself in that iron chair." Molai did not even answer him, but calmly and proudly sat himself down in the dreadful chair. The executioner rudely tore off the white mantle which covered the shoulders of the Templar; he then touched a spring, and two large iron hooks twisted the feet of Molai, while six long bars of the same metal, disposed in triangles, crossed on his chest, and pressed his naked shoulders on the sharp points with which the back of the chair was garnished. Molai raised his eyes to heaven, but did not utter a word, a shriek, or even a groan. His breath came whistling from his crushed and wounded chest, and the blood flowed in torrents from his shoulders on the shining and polished instruments of his torture.

"Speak," cried Philip. "I am innocent," replied Molai, in a faint and trembling voice. "Sire," whispered Enguerrand, "he will never confess."—"Take him away," said King Philip, "another one less resolute will speak; and Molai released from the iron bars which were crushing his breast, breathed freely once more. While the Grand Master was seated in the accursed iron chair, one of the younger Knights had shed tears, and when he was released from the torture the youthful Templar exclaimed—'God be praised,' Philip now turned to him and said—"What is thy name?" "Pierre de Villeneuve," replied the Knight. "Perchance," continued the King, "thou wilt prove less obstinate than thy Grand Master, and tortures will force thee at least to confess." "Thou art mistaken," replied the Templar." "Drag him to the torture," cried the infuriated monarch. "My liege," said a voice, "it is the same to you which one of us submits to the torture, your aim being only to enjoy the sufferings of a Knight. My brother is young, exhausted by imprisonment, hunger and care, and to curtail his sufferings *he* may betray his honor. Let me be tortured in his place. My name is Fulk de Tracy."—"No, no, my brother," eagerly replied young Villeneuve, "do not doubt my constancy. Executioner, do thy duty," and he advanced towards the yellow curtain. "He is very young," whispered Marigny to the King; "he cannot bear the torture long." "So much the better, Marigny," replied the King, "he will confess the sooner." And these words were pronounced in such a terrible tone of voice, that the astounded minister did not venture on another whisper during the whole trial. The eyes of the King sparkled with rage; and the same prince who had consented so reluctantly to witness this dreadful scene, seemed now determined to exhaust all the sources of cruelty, as if to appease his conscience, and to persuade himself he had listened only to the voice of justice. "Pierre de Villeneuve," he said, "it is not yet too late. The young man gazed at him disdainfully, and made no reply. The executioner instantly seized him, and bound him on a machine called the cross of St. Andrew. It consisted of two beams laid crossways, and almost at right angles. On the limbs of this dreadful cross the executioner bound the naked arms and legs of the young Templar, and then slowly turned a winch that set in motion a small sharp pointed lance, which penetrated the loins of the sufferer. The executioner stopped one moment to give the King time to interrogate his victim, while the lance had already penetrated between the cartilages which unite the vertebra. 'Speak, cried Philip. Pierre de Villeneuve opened his mouth slowly, and from his purple lips came forth in short and feeble accents: "Not guilty, not guilty." "Go on, go on," exclaimed the King, enraged at so much resolution and fortitude. The executioner again turned the winch, the lance rose by degrees, till suddenly the Knight gave a shriek, shook the St. Andrew's cross with great violence and the terrible and bloody lance breaking his bones like so much glass, penetrated into his bosom.—The youthful Templar closed his eyes, and his head fell on his shoulder. "My brother, my brother," shrieked Fulk de Trisey, "We have murdered him." "Why did he not confess them," said Philip, carefully averting his eyes while the executioner unbound the corpse of the ill-fated Pierre, and bore it away on his shoulder, leaving a long track of blood behind him. When the captives were first summoned into the presence of the King, one of them, as we have already stated, passed before the royal judge without bowing to him, and had seated himself on what now proved to be an instrument of torture. His name was John de Beaufremont; he had grown gray in the service of the temple, and had been in all the campaigns against the Saracens. He was remarkably tall and during the whole execution had kept his large black eyes, arched by long thick and grisly eyebrows full on the King. Irritated by his bold bearing, Philip ordered him to be tortured. "Thank you, said the Templar, "I began to think that you had forgotten me. Let me expire under the same torture which killed Villeneuve. I loved him as my son. I first taught him to wield the lance; let my blood be mingled with his, and I ask no more."

"No, no," replied the king, "by Our Lady; that would be too easy a death for thee. Every bone in thy body shall be broken ere thy eyes close on the light of day." "As you will," replied Beaufremont, "but I thought as I had shed so much blood in the cause of Christianity, that I might have chosen where and how to shed the last drops that flow in these old veins of mine." "Tie him to the clock," exclaimed Philip. This, of all the tortures, was the most dreadful. The sufferer was suspended between two beams, and above him swung an immense leaden weight, which at regular intervals fell and crushed one of the limbs of the victim. The executioner tried to drag this machine into the centre of the room, but it was so heavy as to resist all his efforts to stir it. Beaufremont sprang up, and with one firm grasp drew the immense apparatus into the middle of the hall. Astonished by this exhibition of strength, the executioner looked upon this victim as a supernatural being, and if Beaufremont had only given him one glance of his bright black eyes, he would never have dared to touch him. Observing his hesitation, the Knight placed himself without assistance on the dreadful machine, and the weight began to move regularly above his head. He had time to confess before it reached the large black spot, whence it was to fall on one of his limbs. 'Look at the weight,' said Philip. No answer. 'Remember that when it touches the black spot it falls,' continued the Monarch. No answer; but the bright black eyes remained fixed on the King's face. Suddenly the weight touched the black spot —it fell, and crushed the templar's leg. "I have only one more leg at your service," said Beaufremont, firmly and proudly, and still gazing intently on the King. 'Bear him hence,' cried Philip; and starting up, as if to avoid the gaze of his victim, he left the hall, called for his horse, and rode off towards the palace. Marigny followed him, and none were left in the hall but John Flamel, the legate of the Pope, and those Templars who had confessed. They were sufficient to have tortured those among the captives who still survived, but their calm and majestic mien had such an effect on their judges, that they unanimously started from their seats and rushed out of the Judgment Hall. The prisoners were reconducted to their cells, and John Flamel announced to the crowd without the prison, that the confession had been complete and entire, and that in a few days the King's pleasure and justice would be known. Long live King Philip—long live John Flamel, shouted the crowd as they dispersed, in anxious expectation for the execution of the Knights of the Temple.

Silver Horse Shoes.—It is mentioned by Beckmann, that when the Marquess of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix his bride, about the year 1038, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity, having had his horse shod with silver shoes so slightly attached, that by curvetting the animal, they were shaken off and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

Duelling.—A dispute having arisen in a coffee-house at Aix, between M. Meifred, who has distinguished himself as a political writer, and a young man named Carbonnel, a meeting took place in the afternoon of the 31st ult. M. Meifred having the first fire, wounded his adversary in the right arm, and immediately ran up to assist him. M. Carbonnel, however, with astonishing coolness, desired that he would return to his station; and then, resting his pistol on the wrist of his left hand, fired, and the ball passed through the body of M. Meifred, who fell, and expired a quarter of an hour afterwards. He was on the point of marriage with a young lady, who has, in consequence of his untimely fate, been attacked with a brain fever.—*French paper.*

Nodding Assent.—A monk who had introduced himself into the bedchamber of a dying nobleman, who was at that time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, "My lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head,—upon which the monk turning round to the son, said, "You see, sir, that my lord your father gives his consent to my request." The son immediately exclaimed, "Father, is it your will that I should kick this monk down stairs?" The usual nod was given. The young man immediately rewarded the assiduities of the monk by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

Something New.—A Lowell paper states, that the assessors of that town have actually imposed and collected a poll tax upon two *old maids* who have the misfortune to reside within their immediate jurisdiction. "If this *e'en't* act don't bring into operation, among the *maids* a ladies of that town, the powers of the *vote*, and cause a *mutiny in a* of all *sizes*, we are much mistaken. The spirit which could suggest such an absurd idea, must indeed be exceedingly avaricious. Verily, the *old batchelors* of Lowell are a tame, *effe* gallant race of "odd fellows," to suffer such an outrage of and never to be forgotten usurpation of power by their petty town officers.

Metempsichosis.—A mad Bull was shot in this city yesterday afternoon; but not until he had killed two boys. The one was a white, apparently eight or nine years of age, whom he caught upon his horns, which becoming entangled in his clothes, were not extricated without several efforts, and was fatally affected, by throwing him cruelly over him by which the child's spine was dislocated out, and he died in a short time after. The other was a coloured boy, whose breast was caught upon the Bull's horn, and was instantly killed. He was finally arrested in his course by a master of a vessel lying at the wharf, who levelled him to the earth with his fowling piece.—*Baltimore Republican.*

Gander, versus Pike.—A medical gentleman, with whom we happened to converse the other night, mentioned to us the following anecdote:—Several years ago, a farmer, who resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Lochmaben, kept a gander, who not only had a great trick of wandering himself, but also delighted in piloting forth his cackling harem to weary themselves in excumnavigating their native lake, or in straying amidst forbidden fields on the opposite shore. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized the gander just as he was about to swing into the breast of his favorite element, and tying a horse fishing hook to his leg, to which was attached part of a dead frog, he enticed him to proceed on his voyage of discovery. As had been anticipated that bait soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which swallowing the deadly hook, not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander, but forced him to perform half a dozen of summersets on the surface of the water! For some time the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with all its might—the one attempting to fly, and the other to swim from the invisible enemy—the gander the one moment losing and the next regaining his centre of gravity, and casting between whiles many a rueful look at his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, who crackled out their sympathy for their afflicted commodore. At length victory decided in favour of the feathered angler, who, bearing away for the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green grass, one of the finest pikes ever caught in the Castle-loch. This adventure is said to have cured the gander of his propensity for wandering; but on this point we are inclined to be a little sceptical —particularly as we lately heard, that at the Reservoir, near Glasgow, the country people are in the habit of employing ducks in this novel mode of fishing. We cannot, to be sure, vouch for this last fact: but in the days of yore, hawks were taught to bring down woodcocks and muirfowl; and why might not a similar course of training enable ducks to bring up pikes and perches!—*Dumfries Courier.*

City of New-York;

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 20, 1832.

To our Sporting Friends.

As the Fall Races throughout the country are about commencing, we take this early opportunity to advise our Sporting Friends of our desire to give full and accurate accounts of the Racing over each distinguished Course in the Union. To enable us to do this, we take the liberty to request the Secretaries of Clubs to extend to us the courtesy of Spectatorship, and send us the results of the Racing on their respective Courses; which we shall gladly insert in our columns. The extensive circulation of our paper through the Southern and Western States makes it an important object with us to notice the results of matches in those States as early as our situation admits. To Secretaries of the various Jockey Clubs, and to Sportsmen in general, we shall feel ourselves much indebted, if they will transmit to us such accounts of the Fall Races, as their opportunities of witnessing them, and the information in the performances of their horses, will enable them to do.

FALL RACES—UNION COURSE.

FRIDAY.

For five days previous to the third day's racing, the weather was so uncomfortable, and the rain so incessant, that few comparatively went down to the Course. On the third the sky was cloudless, and the air cool and delightful. The impatient sportsmen who had so long waited the opportunity, now turned out with their "goers" and beautiful vehicles, and made for the Union Course with eager anticipations for the coming sport.

The sweepstakes were taken by Mr. Bathgate's Geranium, the other two horses paying forfeit. This was a species of *still running* that is not very edifying to spectators,—but the amusements of the day were redeemed by the fine race, three mile heats, which was well contested. The running was as follows:

O'Kelly	1 2 1
Celeste	2 1 3
Busiris	3 3 2

After the Race there was a grand display of blood horses, and "old coursers of honorable fame," that are kept in the vicinity. Sir Lovel attracted much attention by his just proportioned and splendid dress. He is of the Godolphin stock, and was bred by S. Purdy, Esq. This parade of horses was not the least interesting portion of the day's amusements, and we know few sights more imposing than an exhibition of a large number of blood horses.

THE GREAT RACE ON SATURDAY.

This was a day that will long be remembered by those who enjoy good sport. We doubt if there ever was a race in the United States that more completely tested the bottom and speed of horses, or that excited a higher interest among an immense concourse of spectators.

The day was fine, and the Course in order. Purse, 600 dollars, four mile heats. Four horses were entered, viz. Black Maria, Trifle, Lady Relief and Slim. Two of these are Eclipse colts, and well did they sustain the unrivalled character of their sire. Trifle is a most beautiful filly by Sir Charles, who contended on the Washington Course, with Eclipse, and as all will recollect, unsuccessfully. Black Maria was the favorite. Two to one and even three to one were freely offered and taken. Lady Relief had many backers, whose confidence in her foot and bottom was not lessened by the preference bestowed on Black Maria. Trifle too, being a Southern horse, was not without her friends, and the symmetry of her form and elegant action inspired them with hopes of her success. Slim looked well, but his friends were few and far between.

At one o'clock the riders mounted, and coming up to the stand majestically, they started off in fine style. Black Maria took the lead, with Trifle close at her heels, pushing her from the word "go." Lady Relief was following at an easy gait, when her saddle girth broke, and well nigh threw her rider. With great presence of mind, he continued on his way, holding the saddle in front of him, though his feet were still in the stirrups, and thus saved his distance, to the joy of all. Black Maria won the heat—Trifle was second—Slim and Lady Relief merely sailed their distance. Black Maria seemed greatly distressed, but soon recovered, and did not afterward exhibit the least signs of fatigue during this remarkable race.

At the second heat the four again started, Black Maria leading, Trifle at her side, and Lady Relief two lengths behind. On the third mile of this heat, Slim broke down, and was withdrawn. On the last quarter of the fourth mile, Lady Relief drew up when within the distance post, and Trifle made a most desperate push for the heat. Her rider gave her whip and spur, which she answered kindly, mending her paces to the utmost, and to the astonishment of even her friends, she overtook Black Maria, and came in alongside. The Judges pronounced it a *dead heat.*

Now came the tug of war. Trifle had become the favorite, and five to three were the odds. Betting was quick and general, and the whole company of spectators seemed absorbed with the exciting interest of the scene. The three made a fair start, each alternately taking the lead, but at no time far apart. On coming in the last mile, Black Maria and Trifle again put in their best work and pushed with all their speed for the heat. Trifle won it by a length.

Black Maria and Trifle had now each won a heat, and it became important for Lady Relief to profit by their great exertions while she was laying back, and win the coming heat, or she would be distanced. Again they were off,—Lady Relief took the lead, but was pressed by her fair competitors to their utmost; still she made way at a most killing rate, and actually won the heat by half a length. The contest for the heat was the most interesting we ever witnessed, and to our day, we have seen some rare sport. The astonishing bottom shown by these noble animals won the admiration of the enthusiastic crowd. Betting was now even on Black Maria and Lady Relief against the field.

One more heat must decide the contest. Anxiety was on tip-toe—each horse was in good plight, neither exhibiting signs of distress or fatigue—Sixteen miles had already been run—four more lay before them—and it was a glorious sight to see those beautiful creations of noble stock spread themselves beneath the guidance of their excellent riders, and paw the earth with impatience for the coming trial.

Once more they started in fine style, and with spirits unsubdued and steadfast courage they flew away, each keenly striving for the mastery. In the last half of the third mile, Trifle gave way, and was instantly held up. Black Maria and Lady Relief had now an open field and a fair trial for the purse and the honor. Lady Relief was ahead, with Black Maria on her flank, waiting for the last desperate struggle in the last mile—Nineteen miles were done—about midway in the twentieth, Black Maria came along side. It was a moment of intense interest—the spectators were silent and riveted by the thrilling spectacle—Black Maria gradually gained and got ahead—Lady Relief made one more struggle on the third quarter, but 'twas in vain, she could not pass her invincible competitor—they entered the last quarter, Black Maria ahead, and thus she continued, winning the purse by about three lengths.

Thus concluded this eventful race, by far the most wonderful that has ever been run over this Course. We could not learn the exact time, but from minutes taken, we think it will not much vary in the aggregate, from 8m. 50s. each heat, which is rather over 27 miles per hour. It is not the speed but the bottom shown by these astonishing animals, that will render this race one of the most remarkable in the annals of Sporting.

The Kembles in Philadelphia.—While these distinguished strangers were completing their engagement in New-York, it was hinted by some of the savans of Philadelphia, that when they made their appearance in "the city of straight streets and long faces," they would meet with critics qualified to estimate their merits and point out their defects. What has been the result? On Mr. Kemble's debut, the press teemed with sage and cool criticism on his Hamlet that almost made one shudder, and the editors nibbed their pens with extra composure to notice Miss Fanny's forthcoming appearance. She appears—'Twas all over with the *cool gentlemen.* She carried them by *coup de main*, and their notices of her performance surpass in extravagance all that had been written in "Old Gotham." The fact is, we nor they have ever seen any actress at all comparable to this talented lady, and our anticipations, exalted as they were, have actually been surpassed. We subjoin, from the Philadelphia Gazette, the notice of her appearance in the "School for Scandal," merely to show the admiration she has already elicited, and the full house the announcement of her appearance already draws. What will they do when she appears as Julia in the Hunchback?

The School for Scandal caused the other house to run over. Many persons took back their money of the ticket keeper, being unable to obtain even a standing place. Having resigned our usual seat on critics to a venerable friend, we sought through all the house for some convenient nook, in which to nestle and be gratified. We succeeded, with our neighbor of the United States Gazette, in pressing into one of the upper boxes, and formed for a few moments, a component part of the immoveable mass of humanity which was there wedged together;—tarrying, however, only long enough to see the eye of Lady Teazle flash indignantly upon the sentimental Joseph Surface, and to hear her calm, sweet words float up through the almost suffocating atmosphere. What with the sultry air, and the buzz of applause that ran through the multitude, little could be heard or seen from our point of observation. We learn, however, from those upon whose judgment we have been accustomed to place much reliance, that Miss Kemble enacted her part, with infinite versatility and spirit; and that Mr. Kemble was altogether happy in his character. This comes from its adaptation. Charles Surface, imagine his convivial good-nature, is a gentleman; a part perfectly natural with Mr. Kemble, and never affected, nor foreign to him, in public life or private.

"It was not all a dream."—A gentleman of the New York bar, *dreaming* that there was luck to be found in a lottery ticket, if bought at Schuyler's office, repaired thither and purchased a few hours before the drawing, on Wednesday, a whole package. Queen Mab had not given him a vain hint: at 4 o'clock the fortunate holder found himself the owner of a capital prize of $50,000. "This is that very Mab, who gallops night by night o'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on fees."—and sometimes on Lotteries and Prizes Grand.

Capt. Basil Hall thinks the practice which he charges upon Americans, of blowing the nose through the fingers, is quite disgusting; while that of his own countrymen of wiping them upon the fore coat sleeve, is very refined! The learned traveller also informs us, that "the favorite Bunker hill bottle was a contest between the Indians and primitive settlers."

Mr. Rothschild's Business.—The gentleman stated before the Committee of the House of Commons, that he buys bills on foreign houses, to the amount of 80,000*l.* or 100,000*l.* per week; and he received in the year 1824, in two months, to the amount of 1,500,000.

The fate of the Fudge Family.—We notice in our last Cincinnati Chronicle, under the theatrical head, a sort of *grand* lay the erudite editor, admonishing us in no very courtly terms for presuming to express our admiration for the Keminas. If we could dip our pen in Madam Trollope's ink, we should undoubtedly address this gentleman something after this wise.

It is not singular that an editor who can condescend to puff "Mons. Goutte, the representative of Brazilian Monkeys," should be at a sad loss to conceive how it was possible for us to be seduced into a little extravagance, when noticing the inimitable performances of the peerless Miss Kemble. The depravity of the gentleman's taste can only be accounted for, by supposing that his conceptions of genius are limited by his knowledge of those beings that most nearly resemble himself; and Mons. Goutte realizing his utmost anticipations of dramatic powers, he is ready to pounce on the luckless wight who presumes to think Miss K's acting a more intellectual treat, and to read him a lesson on the "economy of praise," and all forsooth, because the learned gentleman's associations happen to be exclusively connected with the watching pranks of a Brazilian Ape.

Thus we should probably write with a pen filled with the gall of the inevitable "Old Woman" but resuming the good-natured tone that flows from our own standish we regret that any attempt to join in the praises of one wholly unequalled in the dramatic art, should have ruffled the sensitive editor of the Chronicle, or caused him to utter the emphatic monosyllable—*Fudge.* We do not belong to that family. The last of the Fudge Family has gone West, and we were entirely ignorant of his location and employment, until we picked up the Cincinnati Chronicle.

The Italian Opera.—This company are drawing crowded and fashionable houses. The success of the opera is now fully established; but the critics are at loggerheads in the columns of the *Courier and Enquirer*, and are fast tearing each other to tatters. This, however, is of little consequence, provided they do not injure the friends in whose behalf they are waging such inglorious war. "Beware of your friends," is a trite, but significant adage. Let those interested look to it.

We transfer to our columns from the Boston Daily Atlas, the "extravaganzas" of one insane. It occurred to us on reading it, that it was possibly the ravings of one of those facetious gentlemen of the East who have suddenly renounced them making, after practicing the cunning art for months; and his pent fancy having become so swollen with growing phantasies that his brain reeled with the oppressive load, and thus threw off at a single gulp, the congregated mass of chaotic items. There is a moral in all this if our conjecture be true, and we trust it will have its influence on certain of our Eastern friends, and cause them to take heed lest a similar catastrophe may happen to themselves, unless they immediately resume the avocation of penning items, and thus discharge from their "Dome of thought" such a mutinous crew of teeming fancies. Hoarding up items in the "palace of the soul" is a dangerous habit; and from the dearth of these sparkling gems, we are apprehensive the practice is becoming common, to the no small hazard of producing insanity among the knights of the quill. Oh, friend Ned write, write, or you are a "gone sucker." And him of Camden, let him write and write ye all, and let him that writeth nothing, write but items, items, items.

The Incoherencies of an Insane Man, taken down by a Bystander. A distinguished medical gentleman of this city has politely furnished us with the following sketch of the conversation of an insane man, which he took down at the time.

"O! my good, Mr. Vanderbilt,—thou paragon of philosophy,—bottle-washer to the Clan of Cochin China,—emperor of Illinois,—and Star-gazer general;—it gives me true delight to hear that the seven stars are made of brass nails, and that his Excellency, Don Miranda, in his late expedition to South America, overturned the soap-tub of Inca Capac, the deliverer, in conformity to an ancient decree of the Senate of the United States, which decrees that cob-webs shall not obscure the moral law.

But, to return from this digression—let all the people say amen;—and let the military present arms. Away with Alderamon—away with obstructions in the milky-way;—the era of rice-cakes and verdigris-puddings has arrived—the very musings cry out *donnez carrière à son esprit*—cities are swallowed up in gingerbread—physic is nonsense to doctors,—all is vanity and vexation. The magistrate and the fiddler dabble where Leviathan sings epic poems to Job and the Seven Muses. Give me a tamarind stone,—give Simpson Agonistes the right ear of Jenny Thompson—Thompson Jenny O!—for O! my dear countrymen, my purpose is fixed; here I stand in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, crying from the dome of St. Sophia, rise O! ashes of Timour the Tartar—sprinkle with kelchup gravy the hoary head of Chisar Aga. May the President of these United kingdoms of Massachusetts and Baltimore live in perpetual extacy:—live O King forever—and may his constant drink be new cider.

Sweet are the rose-buds of affection:—poor dear Mary—she is dead, dead—as a door-nail;—she has gone, and I am all alone and aloney, saith the poet. This is the true cadise of the whirling round of the head. Sir,—gentlemen of the Jury, and ladies all, hear ye, hear ye—the cat's in the meadow, the cow jumped over the corn—Ladies are the cream of the pan, made for making water grue!—the companions of sophomores,—to be sold at a bargain:—bank stock by the ounce,—who deals in magic?—where is the land of Gomorrah? who sups upon whale-bone soups? Show me the locus natura, the dog with two tails—the mad astronomer, the monkey dressed in a lion skin jacket—show in derision Madame Malibran, the ne plus ultra of Chinese gongs—gongs—gongs.

Speak out the words of sober Sophrans, fathers and countrymen! Sing songs to Wisdom, the god of stone pipes;—ring the bells for joy—the coat major has swamowed the Bostonian marked, and two dozen and four crossed boys have turned their hats in a gully pot—America—happy, happy man.

The weather is fainter and more elastic; the mercantile through the lung of a flour barrel—and the sorrel top gentlemen must hereafter hand in their hearts when the orator rides on a wooden horse.

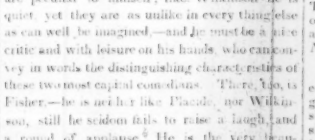
A man by the name of Church was accidentally shot in Baltimore on Thursday last, by a lad who was firing at birds.

The Cholera is still raging in Cincinnati. It has broken out in Chambersburg, Pa.

Bank Robbers.—Two gentlemen have been arrested in Philadelphia, on a charge of robbing the Wheeling Bank, and the testimony against them was so conclusive, that the Judge gave his opinion that they were culpable beyond a doubt. The amount stolen was very large, and had the light fingered gents succeeded in getting off, they would have been "well to live," for a time at least. One of the gang succeeded in getting changed a $1000 U. S. bill at a broker's, and had commenced the purchase of a wardrobe, when he got entangled in the web which lawyers weave for the edification of such gents, and his arrest was soon followed by the discovery of his fellow workers in iniquity.

They are now in prison, waiting the completion of the authorities of Virginia, by which it is expected they will be invited to partake of the benefits of the *Public Charities* provided for such deserving merit.

Webb's Columbus Hotel.—This spacious and elegant establishment is now completed. On Tuesday it was opened by its liberal and accomplished host, and a large party of his friends sat down to a most sumptuous dinner given on the occasion. Mr. Webb is extensively known and favorably so, in his profession. Such a house was much wanted, and we do not hesitate to predict that strangers will find it a "well ordered house," abounding in all the delicacies of our markets and the elegancies and comforts of a first rate Hotel.



THE PARK.

Burke and Miss Clara Fisher have been going through a range of characters the past week with their usual success. They continue to draw full houses, and their efforts to please well merits their success. We have heretofore enlarged on the "*pros and cons*" of their peculiar style of acting and shall dismiss them without again discussing their excellences or demerits.

On Wednesday evening, the clock actors performed for the first time in [illegible]. The Golden Calf." This comedy was written by the author of the Rent Day, and like that play it has many touches of a thrilling interest—a vein of dry humor, and a moral well illustrated. We chose to notice this play because it gives us an opportunity to express our opinion of Mr. Simpson's very excellent company. Like the Rent Day the point of the Comedy turns on a scene of domestic interest, the two principal characters being Mr and Mrs. Mountney, whose mutual imprudences have reduced each almost to beggary without the other knowing it—he by gaming—she by extravagance. Barry, as Mountney did ample justice to the part. We think this gentleman peculiarly felicitious in personating those characters in whom the strong feelings of the heart predominate over the more wayward passions. There is a frank, open manliness in his style that greatly becomes him, and renders him entirely superior to any actor on our boards, in a certain line of characters. As a tragedian, Mr. Barry, has but few equals, and we attribute his success to his artless manner, and the total absence of affectation. We have an actor in our mind's eye, who if but divested of this baleful habit—affectation—would be without a rival in New-York, but with it, he should rank second until his cure is complete. Mr. Clarke is another gentlemanly actor. His conceptions of the author are always correct, and indicate a mind well versed in the Drama. His acting never disappoints us, and often elicits most marked applause. Richings is ever at home, and as "the Lothario" of the Golden Calf, he acquired deserved admiration. The superstitious coxcomb is portrayed by him to the very life. In such characters he has no rival here. Wilkinson redeemed the play on Wednesday from dullness and perhaps from a total failure. His quiet humor, and unaffected drollery, is becoming more appreciated, and will soon gain for him a liberal distinction in his profession—on this side of the water. We cannot omit that inimitable droll one, Placide, though he took no part in this Comedy. No man ranks higher as a faithful delineator of character than Placide. His quaintness and exquisite humor are peculiar to himself; like Wilkinson he is quiet, yet they are as unlike in every thing else as can well be imagined.—and he must be a nice critic and with leisure on his hands, who can convey in words the distinguishing characteristics of these two most capital comedians. There, too, is Fisher,—he is not her like Placide, nor Wilkinson, still he seldom fails to raise a laugh, and a round of applause. He is the very beau-ideal of a caricature, and always illustrates his part with a vein of extravagance that forces you to laugh in spite of yourself. But we must check our criticism of these mirth-inspiring gentlemen, and say a word for the ladies.

As the wife of Mountney, Mrs. Sharpe strongly reminds us of her *chef-d'œuvre*, Rachael Haywood. Indeed, the characters themselves are but portraits of each other, though under different circumstances. With the style and manner of few ladies acting, can we find so few faults. If Mrs. Sharpe sometimes fails to realize our conception of the author's meaning, she never disgusts with rant, nor becomes sickening in her manner by an affected attempt at sentimentalism. Her appearance is ever gratifying to the audience, and her points, which she manages with good judgment, always tell and ensure her a flattering response from the house. We may be pardoned for again noticing Mrs. Sharpe's great good taste in dress, a quality not the least essential in an actress, and without which even the most talented of her sex would scarcely please. In justice to the other ladies, at the Theatre, we must make the general remark that it is a common observation that their style and richness of dress does them deserved credit. There are, however, a few old silks we wish we may never see again, and there is a flounce or two past endurance. Mrs. Wheatley's old ladies are ever excellent, and never fail to be well received. Mrs. Wallack, chameleon like, is now old and young with such sudden changes, that we can hardly determine her rank; she plays any thing and every thing, and of course is praised for nothing. A Miss Smith has made her appearance at the Park, and though not decidedly successful, she may still hope to become a useful actress. Then there are the little Wheatleys, who are very clever in their way, and the younger once pleased us so much as Prince Arthur, that we hope she may be allowed to pay less attention to her heels, and more attention to her head. She is a promising child and must not be neglected.

As a company of stock actors, that at the Park is now quite perfect, and with a leading *star*, they make perhaps, the most effective company in the United States.

THE AMERICAN.

The *Hunchback* has been brought out at this Theatre with great success—Miss Vincent, as Julia, Mr. Hamblin, as Clifford. Julia is unquestionably Miss Kemble's master piece, and it would be presumption in any one but Miss Vincent to attempt the performance of a part which had just been illustrated in so wonderful a manner by the peerless Miss Kemble. But Miss Vincent hesitates at nothing within the reach of dramatic talent; and her personation of the hapless Julia has won for her new and deserved applause. 'Twas a decided hit, and the Play has been repeated with increasing interest. We were sorry, however, to see her invidiously compared with Miss Kemble. It provokes contradiction, and must injure any lady to be placed in the attitude of a rival to the first female actress ever in America. The fact is, the comparison is unjust, and under the circumstances cannot be instituted but at Miss Vincent's expense. 'Tis not a mere matter of taste. The superiority is as palpable and as evident, as that the brightness of the sun transcends that of the moon. We say all this without detracting one iota of merit from Miss Vincent. She is a young lady of rare endowments, and may hope to reach a the treal fame that is entirely beyond the ken of her associates. This will depend on herself. She is yet young,—her education unfinished—her powers undeveloped—and we fear is not in the best school for the attainment of those graces which lend such a charm to the full realization of a perfect actress. But with all these disadvantages, Miss Vincent completely excels all her native cotemporaries, and as Julia she towers to a heighth of excellence that is absolutely astonishing. We wish her every success in her arduous profession that she can desire,—and we hope the hints of her friends will be kindly received, and lead her to the attainment of those great essentials, which cost such a lustre on the fame of an actress and dignify the character of her sex.

Calisthenic exercises.—We would direct the attention of our readers to the card of Mr. and Mrs. Trust, in our advertising columns. They purpose giving lessons at their academy in the elegant art of dancing and waltzing; and further to adapt a system of Calisthenic exercises to the female use and comprehension. The importance of a well-regulated institution where gymnastic exercises shall be taught to females, must be apparent to all who are acquainted with the subject. We hope Mr. and Mrs. Trust will meet with due encouragement in their laudable designs, as they have been long and favorably known to this community. *Traveller*

Novel accident.—A train of cars returning to New Orleans on the 19th ult. from Lake Ponchartrain on the new rail road, was impeded by an obstacle of a formidable character. After passing the Gentilly, the road was much encumbered with cattle. The engineer used the usual means of driving them from the road, but one of them, of a sudden, jumped into the track, and was run under by the tender. This forced the tender from the rails, and drew the engine after it. Fortunately, however, neither the engineer, nor any passenger on board sustained the least injury: The engine was damaged, but not materially. The Mayor and Syndics were called upon to protect the company from such obstruction, but it is said that the inhabitants of that part of the city will not exchange their pasture grounds for all the commerce of the lakes.

Eastern steam-boats.—The Connecticut advertises to carry passengers to Portland for *one dollar and found!* It is now cheaper to travel on this route than to pay for board in the city; and we should not be surprised to hear of individuals of leisure imitating the example of the North river adventurer two or three years since, and making the Connecticut their fall residence. The Chancellor Livingston does not promise to carry travellers for a dollar, but will probably not consent to be outdone in this respect by her rival.

We understand that the venerable Col. Trumbull, aid of General Washington in the revolutionary struggle, and who has since devoted his talents, with unrivalled success, to a graphic description of the events in which he was an actor, is now in this city, superintending the arrangement of his historical paintings. They are deposited in a fine building, constructed for the purpose by the corporation of Yale College. They will be regarded as beautiful illustrations of the events attending our contest for liberty, and give fresher interest to historical reading—*New Haven Herald.*

Shooting.—Another instance of Lord Ely's eccentricity took place in Dublin, where he had gone out to attend his Countess on a round of shopping. Her ladyship had gone into a china shop, and had occupied so much time in choosing and rejecting a number of articles, that Lord Ely got impatient at the delay; and after fretting a good deal about it, he turned round to the man of the china shop, and desired him to send all its contents to his house, and the bill to his steward.—*Memoirs of Sir James Campbell.*

[illegible] "Westward Ho!"—A party of two or three hundred Indians of the Seneca and Shawnees tribes recently encamped at New Paris in Ohio, on their way to the far west. Among them is a white woman 105 years of age, who has resided more than a century among the red men of the forest. She had been taken prisoner when five years old in Green Briar, Va., and knows nothing of her former name or relatives.

Statistics.—It is computed that the number of seamen belonging to the United States is 92,000; of whom there are in foreign trade 50,000; in the coasting trade, in vessels of nearly or over 100 tons burthen, 25,000; in coasting vessels of less than 50 tons burthen, 5,000; in the codfishery, 5,000; in the steam vessels, 1

MUSTER DAY.

Long ere the "iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve" on the night of the 26th September, 1832, (we love to be particular,) the inhabitants of the county of Middlesex, Mass. began to perceive the premonitory symptoms of the muster of "the troops composing the 24 Brigade, 3d Division, 3d Regiment of the Massachusetts Militia," appointed on the 27th.

Would we were inspired with "a forty Byron power" or possessed of the graphic pen of Orator Emmons—but with the talents of the orator, or the fire of the poet we are not gifted, and such a description as we can, gentle reader, we will give thee.—As we before said, the premonitory symptoms of a muster, such as the cracks of small arms, and the burning of crackers, ushered in the day, big with the fate of many a pound of powder—and when the sun at length arose, as if proud of his reception, he beamed upon the citizen soldiers, joyously. 'Twas a proud day for Middlesex. If ever we felt military ardor, it was at that moment—our thread bare coat might have been purchased for an epaulette, and had mortal man made the offer, the gray goose quill should have been given for a corporal's commission—the field of LETTERS left for the field of Mars. The favor of applauding beauty, in a blue coat and white breeks,—how infinitely preferable to the sneers of the public, awarded to the rusty, dusty, sable suit of a poor devil editor.

The clangor of arms in the vicinity, soon caused a desertion from Lowell, of all who have at heart the interests of the "cheap defence of the country." Stage-coach and carry-all, buggy and gig, sulkey and chaise, wagon and saddle horse, curricle and cabriolet, phaeton and hack, all were put in requisition. Horse flesh rose in the market, fifty per cent. under the demand created for it—and fell in the road, under the loads imposed upon it. The scene on the field of martial feats and refreshment booths beggars description. Beholders were struck with astonishment, and struck each other for amusement. Pretty little mouths nibbled molasses candy and other delectables—pretty feet splashed in the mud,—and the mud splashed pretty dresses. Had Capt. Basil Hall seen the fair women kind who graced the booths with their presence, or tripped across a bog in prunella shoes, he would have acknowledged that there are some festivities in which American women participate. The valor of the ancient Spartan females was not a circumstance to the heroism of some of our fair countrywomen on the eventful 27th.

The inspection finished, the brazen throats of the trumpet sent forth notes of war—and the brazen throat of the votary of Bacchus sucked in whir itself. The fight commenced. Crack! went the small arms—bang! bellowed the big 'uns:

"The combat thickens, on, ye brave!
"Lord!" screamed a fair one, who like the ancient Sabines, had rushed between the ARMIES, "I'm killed, as sure as I live!"—A wad had perforated her Navarino, and her military ardor was phrenologically developed in the bumb created on her cranium by the accident. "On to the battle rushed the foemen"—on, to the witness of it, rushed the crowd. Hoop! howled the Indians,—Forward! shouted the regulars,—Te-he, tittered the women,—Go it! roared Jerry,—Blaze away, my hearties! cried the veterans. "Oh," said an exquisite, "I do like WAR, excessively. It is not half so distressing as I anticipated, only it does disarrange one's dress so!" At length,

"Night in her sober livery all things clad,"

to the very great convenience of those who made the best appearance in the dark.—The "spirit stirring drum," ceased at last its monotonous peals, and the ear piercing fife its shrill notes. Musket and bayonet, hanger and cut-and-thrust, were laid aside till the RIGMAROLE muster-roll of the Massachusetts militia call them again into the field. Maidens retired to dream of soldier laddies, and men to dream of thunder and the militia system. —LOWELL COMP.

BOSTON.

DR. TUCKERMAN'S HORSE AND CHAISE.—On Thursday morning, while our "Minister of the Poor" was making his visits of mercy, and pouring in the "oil of wine" of consolation to the afflicted of his scattering flock, some one made off with his horse and chaise, which has not since been heard of, though diligent search has been made. It is not probable the faithful beast deserted this kind master as he has been true to his post of duty. We call public attention to the loss, for the public have a two-fold interest in the case—the detection of the rogue, and the comfort of the Doctor and his poor people.—DAILY ADV.

After the above was in type, we had the pleasure of conversing with the Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, who, we are happy to say, we found reinstated. He informed us that the vihicular rogues BORROWED the horse and chaise on Thursday MORNING, about 9 o'clock, and that they returned and left it last night, just after 10 o'clock, at Liverpool wharf. The chaise box was robbed of its usual contents, (a quantity of testaments) and a deed of a burial place at Mount Auburn, which he had received that morning. Thinking, perhaps, that exchange was not robbery they left an old whip in payment, which said whip appeared to have been severely used, as the poor horse had suffered greatly by hard driving.

These frequent, bold and mid-day robberies indicate the existence, among us of a band of audacious thieves who daily increase in daring.—TRANSCRIPT.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.—A distressing instance of premature interment occurred, lately in the neighborhood of Old-street, St. Luke's. A poor woman and her son were violently attacked with cholera, which in the case of the latter very soon terminated, as it was supposed, fatally; and after having lain apparently lifeless for a few hours, the body was buried. The poor woman also shortly after got worse, and became insensible and motionless. Having been kept as long as was considered safe, she was put into a coffin to be buried; but just as the undertakers were about to screw it down, she revived, pushed off the lid, and very soon recovered. Having anxiously inquired about her son, she was informed that he had been buried for several hours, which made her very uneasy; and she insisted on his being inhumed. Her desires were, after a short delay, complied with, and the horror of the spectators can scarcely be imagined, when on opening the coffin it was found the child had turned round, and torn its face almost to pieces with agony. Having, it must of course be supposed, come to life in this dreadful situation.—*Lond. Paper.*

One of the crew of the Macedonian having received the wages of the late three years cruise, went with the money in his hand into a store, and having purchased a pocket book, put the rest of notes in his waistcoat pocket, and the pocket book into that of his round jacket. The storekeep told him that it was the fashion to put money into the pocket book; but the sailor affirmed he was up to the tricks of the land lubbers and went off. The next day he returned to the store exclaiming in great glee: "They've got it—give me another." He had indeed lost the pocket book, but secured the notes.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

CHOICE OF ELECTORS.—The date and mode of choice of Electors of President and Vice President, as at present regulated by the Legislatures of the several states, together with the number of Electors to be chosen by each state, are shown in the following tables.

No. of vote.	When held.	How elected.
Maine, 10	Nov. 5	Gen. Ticket.
New Hampshire, 7	5	do
Massachusetts, 14	5	do
Rhode Island, 4	21	do
Connecticut, 8	5	do
Vermont, 7	13	do
New York, 42	5 6 7	do
New Jersey, 8	5 6	do
Pennsylvania, 30	2	do
Delaware, 3	3	Legislature.
Maryland, 10	12	District.
Virginia, 23	5 6 7	Gen. Ticket.
North Carolina, 15	25	do
South Carolina, 11		Legislature.
Georgia, 11	5	Gen. Ticket.
Kentucky, 15	5	do
Tennessee, 15	13 16	do
Ohio 21	2	do
Indiana, 9		do
Mississippa, 4		do
Illinois, 5	5	do
Louisiana, 5	6 7	do
Missouri, 4	5	do
Alabama, 7	12	do
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In Maine one elector is required to be a resident of each county, and a plurality of votes constitute a choice. In Maryland there are four districts, with a right of choosing two electors—Baltimore county a district, to choose one elector, the rest of the Western shore forms a district and chooses four electors, and the Eastern shore as a district chooses three.

DUTCH JUSTICE.

It once happened in the good old town of Durop, (now known as the city of Schenectady)—many years ago, when the great grandfather of the present generation, bore undisputed title to the soil, that a drove of sturdy swine, owned by Hanse Van Bummel, becoming enamoured of a fine crop of corn, the property of one Jacob Van Kleek, found means of access into the field, and sumptuously feasted on the yellow crop;—whereupon Mynheer Van Kleek brought an action of trespass against his neighbor Mynheer Van Bummel, in the sum of twenty dollars, being the amount of damage done to the corn Now, Squire Van Shoenbren, was a good, honest kind of a man, but, like many a better one, could'nt find it in his heart to refuse a gift of lucre, though the course of justice was needed to balance the account. So, on the present occasion, Mynheer Van Kleek having transferred ten bright half dollars from his strong box to the worthy Squire, returned home well satisfied that on the day of trial the Squire would do him ample justice. But it so happened that Mynheer Van Bummel, little relishing to pay twenty dollars damages, besides the costs, bethought him self to bribe the honest Squire to turn the tables to his advantage, and thereupon after rumaging sundry musty chests, well filled with homespun breeches, flannel jackets, old hats, and woollen stockings, and at last coming to the depository of a goodly supply of bright coin, and taking therefrom a present to the worthy Squire Van Shoenbrun, obtained his promise to decide the case against Mynheer Van Kleek.

The next day brought the contending parties together; and the justice in his elbow chair, was not a little puzzled when the significant look of either party reminded him that his predicament was rather an awkward one. But, however, he soon settled the matter with his conscience, and crossing his legs, so that his silver shoe buckles made an imposing display, proceeded to the disposal of the case.

"Is dis corn pelong to you, Mynheer Van Bummel?"

"Yaw, Mynheer."

"How many hogs you own?" enquired the justice.

"None, Mynheer," was the answer.

The Squire then turned to the defendant, and asked,

"How many hogs you own, Mynheer?"

"Twenty."

"How much corn you raise?"

"None, Mynheer."

"Mynheer Van Kleek," said the justice, "I fine you ten dollars, pecause you raise corn and dont keep no hogs. And you, Mynheer Van Bummel, I fine ten dollars too, pecause you keep twenty hogs, and dont raise no corn—and so dat makes the whole amount of de damages.'

N.Y. Traveller.

ORNITHOLOGY.—Mr. Audubon, under the date of Eastport, Me. 12th inst. thus writes to a friend in Philadelphia:

"I have to announce to you the discovery of a new Wren, or as I must call it, a Troglodyte. I would gladly come from Boston—nay, from Philadelphia itself, fifty-two times per annum, into these parts, (Dennysville) could I be sure of being thus each time rewarded. The little rogue was shot in the deepest recesses of the darkest woods, where beds of moss, full knee deep, spread themselves by acres, where the sun seldom peeps, and where man seldom walks; it breeds hereabouts, and I know a good deal of its tricks and actions. I have made a drawing (excuse my saying so, the Lord knows if bye and bye it will be believed that I ever drew a bird) of the *Vetsys Canadiencis* of four figures, and some rare plants to me. These birds build in the State, and are found in it during all seasons. I have eight, some of which are in beautiful plumage."

STEAM-BOAT TELEGRAPH.—This elegant new boat which has been built and fitted at New-York, under the immediate superintendence of her commander, Captain E. H. Barker, has at length made her advent into our waters and taken her place as a systematic courser between New Bedford and Nantucket. Public expectation which had been highly raised in relation to this vessel of promise, we feel fully authorised in saying has been more than answered. She is of the capacity of about two hundred tons—and in her construction follows nearly the model of the "King Philip." Her accommodation and comfort of passengers, and her decorations are in perfect consistency with neatness and good taste. Her qualities as a sea-boat—a point of great importance in the particular navigation to which she is applied—are pronounced by those who have tested them, to be admirable, and her ordinary speed such as to perform the passage in from five to six hours. The acquisition of such a means of regular communication between this town and Nantucket is certainly a result which cannot but be interesting and gratifying to the inhabitants of both places, and we trust that Captain Barker will not fail to realize to the full extent, every reward to which his enterprise and perseverance in the cause of public accommodation so eminently entitles him.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

POLISH CHILDREN.—One of the infamous plans of the Russian emperor, to destroy all hope of resistance in Poland, is to carry off all the male children from 6 to 17 years of age out of the country, to make Russian soldiers of them. The distress of the parents is described as being heart-rending. Surely this out herods Herod!

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN EUROPE.—In looking over the last number of the London Spectator, says the Galaxy, we find the "Girls own Book, *fourth edition*," the *ninth edition* of "The Frugal Housewife, *with an allowance to the nobility and gentry who are desirous of distributing the book among their poor neighbors*," and the *fourth edition* of the "Mother's Book," all printed and for sale in London. "Who reads an American book?" is a question that is fast becoming obsolete among our English brethren.

GREAT COMPLIMENT.—Strange as it may sound to English ears, it may be truly said of America, that country which was treated with so much supercilious contempt by the Quarterly Review only a few years since—that she has given to the parent state her most popular system of divinity, and her best English lexicon. It is scarcely necessary for us to add that we are referring to Dwight's Theology, and Noah Webster's Dictionary.—*London paper.*

SYMPATHY IN WATCHES.—It has been found that in a watchmaker's shop, the time-pieces or clocks, connected with the same wall or shelf, have such a sympathetic effect in keeping time that they stop those which beat in irregular time, and, if any are at rest, set a-going those which beat accurately.—*Music of Nature.*

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Philadelphia Ariel.

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PETERSBURGH, VA.

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Time, 1st heat, 3m. 58s.—2d heat, 3m. 54s.—3d heat, 3m. 58s.

As we predicted, this was one of the most interesting races that has been run over the New-Market course. Indeed, it could hardly have been otherwise, from the fact that most of the horses were winners at the Spring meeting. Our friends must have enjoyed it, and had we at the time possessed a few days leisure, we should have participated, with great pleasure, in the sport and festivities of the occasion.

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From the Cornwall (U. C.) Observer.

CORNWALL FALL RACES.

Commenced on Tuesday the 9th inst. with the Maiden Plate—open to all horses that never started for a Purse, Plate or Cup—best of one mile heats—aged horses carry 9 stone and 7 lbs.—7 lbs. off for every year under age—entrance 6 dollars, to which the stewards added $30.

G. A. Masson's bay gelding X Y Z, 5 years old; Tartar 2 1 1
Edward Lowry's bay gelding Sloop, 4 years old; Time 1 2 2
Thos. Sewell's chestnut horse, 4 years old; Pick and Dine 3 4 3
John McDonell's roan filly, 3 years old; Purple ..... bolted.

At starting, Sloop was the favorite, and bets were taken freely on him against the field. His performance in the first heat fully justified the confidence placed in him, winning it by about half a length, notwithstanding a bad start. The race was most interesting. Sloop and X Y Z passing and repassing each other alternately. The second heat was taken by X Y Z most gallantly, and the third with perfect ease, showing superior mets to any of his competitors.

The second race was for the Cornwall Turf Club Purse, open for all horses, best of heats, 3 times round the course—aged horses to carry 10 stone, with a deduction of 7 lbs. for every year under age; entrance $10, to which the stewards added $50.

S. Y. Chesley's sorrel horse Gunpowder, by American Eclipse—aged, 143 lbs. 1 1
S. Dorn's bay gelding Sleepy Billy, late Shamrock, by Old Patriot—aged, 130 lbs. 2 2
J. Cameron's brown horse Bolthrum, by Knickerbocker—6 years old, 126 lbs. 3 3

This race terminated in disappointment to all the knowing ones. Sleepy Billy having on this course in 1830, beaten Sleepy John and Pat, and in 1831 contested the three mile heat with Waverly, with some eclat; and Gunpowder being reported to have been sulky and unfaithful. It was agreed upon all sides that he had no chance, consequently there was but little betting, and that little was odds on Sleepy Billy against the field. The horses came on the ground all in fine condition; little Bolthrum, true to his motto, determined to puzzle the big ones.—Sleepy Billy, as if conscious of the absence of danger, since Waverly's exit, pranced proudly to and fro before the assembled hundreds, while Gunpowder, in spite of all his efforts to look sullingly, was still the same lazy, sulky, hated, unfaithful, unfriended animal, until the bugle sounded to saddle, which raised his mettle to such a pitch that Billy's friends began to quake, and well they might, for ere the word was given, away goes Gunpowder, flint and gun, Billy and Bolthrum following, and on they went in spite of horn and din, hold, pull back, stop your horse, no start; all in vain—round they went, passed the winning post, and then concluded to stop to enquire if the word was given. The horses were again brought up in order; they were placed by ballot, viz—Bolthrum 1; Gunpowder 2; Billy 3. At the word away—away they went; Gunpowder taking the lead, and maintained it with ease under a hard and steady pull; the second heat produced the same result, but a tremendous struggle between Bolthrum and Billy at the run in.

Second day commenced with the Cornwall stakes, open to all horses raised in the district; best of heats twice round the course—weights same as Turf Club purse. Entrance 8 dollars; to which the stewards added 35 dollars.

J. Cameron's Bolthrum, 6 years old, 126 lbs. 1 2
W. McMartin's Tranby, 5 years old, 129 lbs. 2 0

Tranby, though a fine young horse, had no chance with Bolthrum, who has very justly established his fame as the best of Knickerbocker's sons and daughters.

Second race, second day—the Criterion Purse, open to all horses—best of 2 mile heats; weights to be handycap'd. Entrance 8 dollars, to which the stewards added 40 dollars.

S. Y. Chesley's Gunpowder, 143 lbs. 1 1
S. Dorn's Sleepy Billy, 131 lbs. 2 2
A. McDonell's Dart, 105 lbs. 3 3

The additional weight put upon Gunpowder in this race, seemed to operate upon him as upon bridges of certain construction, the more weight the more strength. He won the race in good style with perfect ease.

The following with the exception of the mile and trot, open for farm stock—horses only. Best of heats once round the course. Entrance 1 dollar, for which the stewards added a saddle and bridle. Eight uncommon fine horses entered and ran; the prize was carried off by Mr. Carpenter's bay mare, in 3 heats.

During the whole of the races, except the first day, the rain fell in torrents. This circumstance together with the bad state of the course, tended very much to mar the sport usual on such occasions.

The conduct of the stewards, under the protection of the inspector of licenses, is most praiseworthy and deserving of imitation, in preventing the sale of spirits on the course during the races; by this judicious arrangement the most orderly conduct prevailed.

Precautionary Symptoms of a Duel in Canton; the Celestial Empire.

A pamphlet of 28 pages, printed at Canton in April last, has been placed in our hands by a friend containing the ante-mortem examination of an ASSAULT including case between Messrs W. W. Wood, the American Editor of the Chinese Courier, and A. S. Keating, the English editor of the Canton Register. It is highly amusing to observe what a regular diplomatic affair the mode of the business, following it up day after day, from Sunday the 15th of April till Monday the 30th, in notes, replies, rejoinders, perjoinders, explanations, demands, refusals objections, &c. which resulted finally in a challenge, an acceptance, and finally the flight and evasion of the challenger, Keating. The precipessing cause of difference, naturally existed between the parties probably from national jealousy or natural antipathy. Mr Wood is an American, and Mr. Keating an Englishman, both standing up for the honor and interest of their respective countries. It is high time these national antipathies should be forgotten—but if they must exist, we hope we may always find on the part of our country, Yankee spunk like that of Mr. Wood's, ready to defend her cause and her honor. It will not do for us by any means to approve of duelling, but we must acknowledge we are happy to learn that none of our countrymen are so ill bred as to decline giving an Englishman the satisfaction he demands; and we are not the less happy to learn in the present case, that Mr. Keating declined the satisfaction when it was tendered.—He probably reflecting, in the language of the moralist, that "happiness is only in anticipation, while possession is the grave of enjoyment."

Mr. Wood's friends will be happy to learn that his courage exposed him to no peril; and Mr. Keating's, that his self-denial probably saved his bacon: he will probably remain a *whole* hog till the Jews eat him, if he always acts so discreetly valorous as in the present instance.—*Boston Statesman.*

THE ROMANCE OF ADVERTISING.—The history of Mirabeau's *Instrum* with the Marchioness de Monnier is more romantic than romance. The parties saw, and looked, as I said. Mirabeau seized and carried her off: she was seized and thrown into a convent. He escaped and married her—was tried, condemned *par contumace*, and sentenced to lose his head; the lady escaped and retained him; they passed two months there, after a time, they were seized; he was again committed to a convent, and he was consigned to the castle of Vincennes, where he remained three years and a half. A lady, interested in Mirabeau, is now tried; pleads her own cause; gains all a look on the lady's side; slipped in person, of which she was in possession of a counterpart for their mutual deliverance, and fled, and in the impassioned pages of his advocate, and eloquence, he forgot his misfortunes and prosecutors, to elect the authoress into a heroine, and reversed the sentence, and even threw the costs of the suit upon the plaintiff. With these volumes, too, is a romantic love passage of Mirabeau's, in the very first page of which it is sufficient to make the flesh of every Fop in existence creep upon his bones.—*Imperial Review.*

Have you, Miss Lee, sir? asked a lady of the city librarian. No, Miss replied the bookman, taking down Mrs Trollope's Journal, but here's a volume of Fanny Kemble!

BREACH OF PROMISE.

LANCASTER ASSIZES.

A fair damsel, named Severn, brought the present action, which was tried yesterday week, against one of those gay deceivers—a gallant, rejoicing in the patronyme of Brown—by whose subtle and perfidious treatment of the female heart, that commodity is on divers occasions so materially injured. The plaintiff, it appeared, was a young woman now only just turned of age; and at the period when she first attracted the defendant's attention, she was living with her mother and sister, having lost her father some years before. The defendant was a man nearly forty years of age, and then living with his father, who was a wealthy and respectable man. At that time the plaintiff was only sixteen years of age; just breaking into womanhood, and adorned with personal beauty, grace and vivacity, which might be considered as neutralizing any difference that existed between her own condition in life and that of the defendant. The defendant professed himself her admirer on the only terms on which his professions would have been received; he offered marriage, and both to the plaintiff and to her mother constantly held out the expectation that he was about to make the plaintiff his wife. At length the defendant took the plaintiff from her mother's house, for the avowed purpose of marrying her. They were absent some time, and upon his return defendant introduced the plaintiff to her mother as a married woman; the plaintiff wore a wedding ring, and it was taken for granted in the family that she was the wife of the defendant. Still, however, the plaintiff retained her maiden name, for the defendant represented that his father wished him to marry in another quarter, and therefore it would be prudent to conceal for the present his marriage with the plaintiff. The plaintiff, after some time, had become pregnant, and then the defendant had taken lodgings for her, at some distance from his home; both he and she passing under an assumed name, but always appearing as man and wife. Circumstances at last came to her mother's knowledge, which induced her to doubt the existence of a marriage, and in the end the truth was discovered; but at that time, and up to the moment when the connexion was broken off, the defendant reiterated his promise of marriage, and stated the prudential reasons before alluded to, as the only cause that delayed its completion. The plaintiff's counsel then stated the manner in which the intercourse was broken off, and the giving up of the defendant's letters under a promise that he had broken, and concluded by calling upon the Jury for damages equivalent to the demands of an aggravated case.—Most of the above circumstances were established by respectable testimony, and two letters from defendant to plaintiff were then put in and read. They presented (as Mr. Pollock in his opening speech had observed) a strange mixture of the pathetic and ludicrous. The first was written in answer to a letter from plaintiff, in which she had suggested the propriety of getting one of the children into the Quaker's Foundling Institution at Liverpool. Defendant in his answer said, that he hoped the child would soon be in "God's foundling," and desired her to pray heartily to the Almighty to take the child. After many lamentations over the expense he was put to, and repeated exhortations to the plaintiff to pray to God, the letter abruptly ended by asking, "How are off for potatoes?" The other letter was written in a similar strain. Both letters manifested considerable fondness on the part of the defendant, but nothing was said in them about marriage.—Mr. Williams, for the defence, endeavored to reduce the plaintiff's claim on his client, by representing him as so depraved a fellow that there was little to regret in his desertion! This *modest* and *ingenious* point was coupled with other expedients of the same paradoxical nature; but the Jury were callous to his flights of eloquence, and found a verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages £200.

Tender Courtship.—The young ladies of New Caledonia and the adjacent Islands, repair with a patriarchal simplicity to the wells and fountains of their neighborhood for water. When a youth has seen and conceived a passion for one of them, he repairs to the fountain, and lies in ambush in a thicket or behind a rock. As the lady approaches with her pitcher, and stoops to draw the water, her lover, taking advantage of her when she is in the most defenceless posture, rushes upon her, and strikes her down with a club; then seizing her by the hair of her head, he drags her away, wounded and bleeding, to his hut, and she thus becomes his wife.

In last week's list of marriages, in a London paper, were—Mr Swift to Miss Crawley; between whom the following brief dialogue took place a day previous, on occasion of the lady being too late at an appointment:

Says Swift, "You're too slow—full two hours I have tarried;"
Says Crawley, "It never be Swift till I'm married."

MILITARY & SPORTING WAREHOUSE.

J. P. Moore, 208 Broadway

Nearly opposite St. Paul's Church.

HAS constantly on hand and offers for sale on accommodating terms, Wholesale or Retail, Swords, Sword-Belts, Epaulettes, Sashes, Wings, Laces, Cords, Tassels, Spurs, &c. &c. with every article suitable for Officers, Privates and Musicians.

NAVY.

Navy Swords, Dirks, Belts, Buttons, &c. &c.

FOR SPORTSMEN.

The finest and best assortment of Double and Single barrel guns for Fowling and Duck shooting—Rushing, Travelling and Pocket pistols, also a general assortment of Gun Locks, Mountings, &c. Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Game bags, &c. Percussion powder and pills, of all sizes and fine quality. Caps of all kinds and Warranted not to cut in the eye.

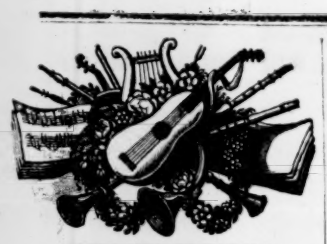
RIFLES.

A complete assortment for the Southern and Western Markets, by the Case Dozen or Single one.

FISHING TACKLE.

A general assortment of Rods, Lines, Reels, Hooks, &c. &c.

N. B. The subscriber having been brought up to the business of Gun making, guarantees every article sold by him, and those favoring him with their



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of ourown but the thread that ties them."

From the New-England Magazine.

HORACE IN BOSTON.

Bentus ille qui procul negotiis.

"Happy the man, escaped from town,
Who sits in rural snuggery down,
And takes to cultivation."
Thus Daniel Discount pondering said,
And shook his calculating head,
In lonely cogitation.

"Oh! would it were my only care—
A turnip patch an acre square;
A cornfield somewhat wider;
Ten trees that rosy apples bring,
The large for dumplings just the thing;
The smallest crabs for cider.

"My eye! but 'tis a glorious dream;—
A flock of sheep;—a four ox-team;
Fit for domestic labors;
A Byfield pig:—a mongrel goose;
A dapple steed for private use,—
A donkey for my neighbors.

"Within my whitewashed garden wall
I'll rear my kitchen greens of all
Choice orders and conditions.
Here pumpkins shall bedeck the ground;—
There, mighty cabbage head, as sound
As many a politician's.

"String beans I'll raise, of many a class;
My peas in flavor shall surpass
All gormandizing wishes;
And onions of astounding size
Start iron tears from Pluto's eyes,
When served among his dishes.

"And up and down the fields I'll stray,
Where lambkins frisk the livelong day,
And pigs and poultry squabble,
Or round my barn-yard saunt'ring go,
To hear the doughty cockerels crow,
And valiant turkeys gobble.

"Should I aspire in fame to shine,
Some mammoth squash or pig of mine,
Than all his cousins wiser,
May wide spread reputation win,
And form a wondrous "item" in
The Daily Advertiser.

"And then my dining-room shall be
Under a shady greenwood tree;
There o'er my pewter platter,
While I courageously fall to,
The plaintive turtle-doves shall coo,
And bob-o-links shall chatter;

"Give me a plain and frugal meal;
A shin of beef,—a loin of veal;
A hoe-cake like a squatter's;
Some little kickshaw stew or fry;
A gooseberry snap; a pumpkin pie;
A broiled sheepshead and trotters.

"Oh for that dish to bumpkins dear!
Which suits all seasons of the year,
Calm, blustering, bright or cloudy;
I doubt what learned Thebans call
The same, but Yankee natives all
Have CHRISTENED it *Pan-Dowdy*.*

"With line and rod of cane-pole stout,
I'll tickle many a simple trout,
Which all esteem a crack-fish;
Along the streamlet's sunny side,
I'll lay me down perdue, yet wide
Awake as any blackfish.

"Notes, bills, deeds, bonds—I will not scan;
Those daily plagues of mortal man
My eyes no more shall light on.
All paltry pelf I now despise,
To bear away a nobler prize—
The best bull-calf at Brighton.

"No whims of fashion I'll obey,
But dress in homespun, green or gray,
Gwn, yellow, dun or grizzle.
No more Whitmarsh & Co. shall strait
Lace up these limbs; no more this pate
Shall Bogue & Dudley frizzle.

"Ah! busy Boston's bustling sons!
Beneath blue-devils, dust and duns,
Forever fagged and flustered,—
A long adieu! and so good bye,
For, lo! I'm off—as said the fly,
When fitting from the mustard."

Thus Daniel, in poetic mood,
Near State-street corner pondering stood,
Of passers-by unheedful:
When lo! up steps a needy knave;
Pops in his hand a note to shave:—
Great premium for the "needful."

He lifts his head—he stirs his frame—
He scans the sum, and signer's name,
With gestures quite alarming.
His air-built castles disappear;
Fifty per cent. for half a year
Is fatter gain than farming.

This, in a trice, dispelled the charm:
Daniel has never bought his farm,
Nor thinks of it, that I know.
And, gentle reader, well or ill,
The hunks will cash your paper still,
Whene'r you lack the rhino.

* This rustical and true Yankee dish is not now, we know, often seen at the table in Boston. Should any citizen be ignorant of its nature, we beg leave to inform him, on the authority of Dr. Drysdust, that it is a prodigious apple-pie, with a brown crust, baked in a deep pan-*unde nomen*. Crust and contents are crushed into a chaos; and when served up cold, as the Doctor says, *credite posteri*, it is fit for an Archduke.

A WESTERN ADVENTURE.

Early in the spring of 1780, Mr. ALEXANDER M'CONNEL, of Lexington, Ky. went into the woods on foot, to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse, in order to bring it in. During his absence, a party of Indians, on one of their usual skulking expeditions, accidently stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would speedily return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return.—M'Connel, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the two scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, instantly overpowered, and borne off as a prisoner. His captors, however, seemed to be a merry, good natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound—and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his forward hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with great partiality.—Having travelled with them in this manner for several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio river. Heretofore, the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely; but on that evening, had remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which the cords gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo tug loosely around his wrists, and having tied it in an easy knot, and attached the extremities of the rope to their own bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not as he pleased.

M'Connell determined to effect his escape that night, if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it much more difficult.—He, therefore, lay quietly until near midnight, anxiously ruminating upon the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians, to whom he was fastened, was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted. With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded at length in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut his cords was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his person from the arms of the Indians, he walked to the fire and sat down. He saw that his work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home, without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even although unarmed and asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally, as to destroy each of his enemies in turn, without awakening the rest:—Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless—and if he failed with a single one, he must instantly be overpowered by the survivors. The knife, therefore, was out of the question.

After anxious reflection for a few minutes, he formed his plan. The guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire—their knives and tomahawks were in sheaths, by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening their owners—but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not readily find them. He then returned to the spot where the Indians were still sleeping, perfectly ignorant of the fate being prepared for them, and taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzle upon a log within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one, and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal. At the report of their guns, the others sprung to their feet, and stared wildly around them. M'Connell, who had run instantly to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies, who happened to stand in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body; the second fell also, bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth and only one who remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell which announced equal terror and astonishment. M'Connel, not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within two days."

From the New-England Galaxy.

FREDERIC WILLIAM, King of Prussia, it is well known was passionately fond of tall men for soldiers of his regiment of guards, and neglected no opportunity, and spared no expense, to enlist such as he thought worthy of a place in this favoured corps. Lord Dover in his life of Frederic the Great, makes mention of one recruit, an Irishman, by the name of James Kirkland, to whom the King gave 1000*l.* on condition of his giving up his person, and 200*l.* to divers agents who were employed in obtaining him. Making the bounty money of one recruit amount to 1200*l.*!!

We find the following ludicrous anecdote in relation to this regiment in the work of Lord Dover, and which constitutes Nos. 41 and 42 of Harper's Family Library.

Nor was the anxiety of Frederic William confined to the present recruiting of his tall regiment, but it extended also to the future. One of his chief cares was the establishment of a race of giants in his dominions, from among whom his grenadiers might always be replenished. In furtherance of this object he was accustomed, whenever he saw a woman of extraordinary stature, to marry her forthwith to one of his guards, without in the slightest degree consulting her inclinations upon the subject. On one occasion, in going from Potsdam to Berlin, he met a young, handsome, and well-made girl, of an almost gigantic size; he was struck with her, and, having stopped and spoken to her, he learned from herself that she was a Saxon, and not married—that she had come on business to the market at Berlin, and was now returning to her village in Saxony. "In that case," said Frederic William to her, "you pass before the gate of Potsdam; and if I give you a note to the commandant, you can deliver it without going out of your way. Take charge, therefore, of the note which I am about to write, and you shall have a dollar for your pains." The girl, who knew the king's character well, promised all that he wished. The note was written, sealed and delivered to her with the dollar; but the Saxon, aware of the fate that attended her at Potsdam, did not enter the town. She found near the gate a very little old woman, to whom she made over the note and the dollar, recommending her to execute the commission without delay, and acquainting her at the same time that it came from the king, and regarded some urgent and pressing business. After this our gigantic young heroine continued her journey with as much rapidity as possible. The old woman, on the other hand, hastened to the commandant, who opened the note, and found in it a positive order to marry the bearer of it without delay to a certain grenadier, whose name was mentioned. The old woman was much surprised at this result; she, however, submitted herself, without murmuring, to the orders of his majesty; but it was necessary to employ all the power of authority, mingled with alternate menaces and promises, to overcome the extreme repugnance and even despair, of the soldier. It was not till the next day that Frederic William discovered he had been imposed upon, and that the soldier was inconsolable at his misfortune. No other resource then remained to the king but to order the immediate divorce of the new-married couple.

A very singular trial is about to come on at Nismes. A very respectable merchant at Besancon has been cited before the Tribunal, charged with having *made a face* at the said commissary when he asked for his passport! The worthy officer is probably a physiognomist.

Miscellaneous.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

SPORTSMEN are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON-MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) is the most favorable that could be selected, or even desired: and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen. WILLIAM OLIVER.

Mount Vernon, Sept. 15.

TO SPORTSMEN.

To all Sportsmen feeling interested in the superiority and fleetness of the Blood Horse.

GENTLEMEN:—We, the proprietors of a Horse called SWEET BRIER, bred in Madison County, sired by the famous horse Moonshine, bred by Gen. Coles, Long Island, his dam by the well known Imported horse old Magnum Bonum, his color a bright bay, full sixteen hands high, five years old, his form and figure rarely equalled in the blood horse; his lofty air and superior action are inexcelliable, his stock is of the highest grade, which alone would rank him a blazing star among his competitors; but these are not all the qualifications with which this wonderful animal is possessed. We have abundant confidence that his gallant strides cannot be overtaken in a single quarter by any horse on the Continent. The sincerity of this opinion we pledge ourselves to support within the bounds of our property.

This noble animal we now offer for sale for the sum of $3000, warranted to outrun any horse that can be produced, or no sale. The proprietors also pledge themselves to hazard five hundred dollars for testing his speed, 80 rods, against any horse, mare, or gelding, in the known world, carrying 112 lbs or Catch riders, after having due notice. The contesting horse must meet Sweet Briar on the Sullivan race course in Madison Co.

GEORGE EHLE.
JACOB LOWER.

Chittenango, Madison Co., N. Y. Sept. 12, 1832.

N. B. SWEET BRIER, like Alexander the Great, stamps the earth in rage, neighing for a Competitor. 37—8w

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

S. D. CHILDS,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
97 LIBERTY STREET,
NEW-YORK.

CANES.

WM. MATTHEWS, manufacturer of WALKING CANES, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty-street.

N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

BEHEAN,
HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 111 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

R. N. WHITE,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street, by

s1 GEORGE S. WAITE.

LANSING & MORSE,
ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,
175 BROADWAY,
s1 NEW YORK.

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞Entrance in Duane street.

DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

R. H. ELTON,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION-ST. NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10ty

GOLD & SILVER LEAF MANUFACTORY.

No. 67 WATTS STREET.

GEORGE S. WAITE, offers for sale gold and Silver Leaf, and Gold, Silver and Copper Bronzes of superior quality, at the lowest cash price, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street.

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Secretary's Office, Albany, July 10th, 1832.

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State, to be holden on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the city and county of N. York.

N B. The Inspectors of Election in the several wards of your county, will give notice of the election of four Representatives to Congress, from the third Congressional District; and that forty-two Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in the County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of the notification received from the Secretary of State.

J. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff city and county of N. Y.

The Autumn Races.

JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES,

NORFOLK, VA.

WILL commence on Wednesday the 7th of November next, and continue four days.

First day—a sweepstake for colts and fillies 3 years old last spring—2 mile heats $100 entrance, p. p.—thirteen subscribers, and closed—Subscribers, Richard Adams, John M. Botts, W. R. Johnson, James J. Harrison, John P. White, Wm. M. West, James M. Selden, Wm. Wynn, Richd H. Long, Henry A. Taylor, John Minge, James S. Garrison, Wm. L. White, and Thomas Doswell.

Second day—Proprietor's purse $300—2 mile heats, entrance $15.

Third day—An inside stake, 4 mile heats, entrance $500, play or pay, and $1000 added by the club and proprietor—seven subscribers which makes the stake $4,500. Subscribers, Wm. Wynn, Thos. Doswell, Wm. L. White, Stother Green, Thos. D. Watson, Jas. S. Garrison, Jas. J. Harrison, and Wm. R. Johnson.

Fourth and last day—The proprietor will put up a handsome Silver Cup and Urn—mile heats, best 3 in 5—entrance $20—free for any horse.

JOHN N. GIBBONS, *Secy.*

Norfolk, Sept. 22, 1832.

RACES TO COME.

THIS MONTH.

SALISBURY, N. C.—Tuesday, 23d, and continue three days. First day, 225 dolls.—three mile heats. Second day, 175 dolls.—two mile heats. Third day, handicap purse—mile heats—best three in five, for the entrance money of the preceding days.

LEESBURG, Va.—Tuesday, 23d, and continue three days. First day, 250 dolls.—three milee heats. Second day, 150 dolls.—two mile heats. Third day, 100 dolls.—mile heats, best three in five.

EASTON, Md.—Wednesday, 24th, three days. First day, colts purse, 200 dolls.—two mile heats. Second day, 300 dolls.—four mile heats. Third day, handicap purse, 100 dolls.—mile heats.

FLORENCE, Ala.—On Tuesday, 23d, four days. First day, sweepstakes, 200 dolls. entrance, two mile heats—six subscribers. Second day, $400, three mile heats. Third day, $200, two mile heats. And a colt sweepstakes, one mile out—60 dolls. entrance, five subscribers.

EAGLE COURSE,

TRENTON, N. J.

THE Races over the Eagle Course at Trenton will commence on the 1st Tuesday in November, with a purse of 100 dollars, 2 mile heats.

2d day—$200, 3 mile heats.
3d " 75, 1 mile heat,

and in the afternoon of the same day a trotting purse of 100 dollars,—3 mile heats.

Entrances for each day's race must be made with the Secretary before 5 o'clock, P. M. the day previous, or double entrance required. oct 4

LOUISVILLE FALL RACES.

THE Louisville Agricultural Society having been dissolved last fall, a new joint stock company has since been formed, under the name of the "Louisville Association," for the improvement of the breed of horses. The company consists of seventy-five stockholders, each holding one share of $100. A beautiful track of land has been purchased on the Salt river road, one and a half miles from the city of Louisville, on which a running track has been laid off, thirty feet in width and precisely a mile in length, enclosed by a close plank fence eight feet in height, and having a light railing extended round the whole of the inner circuit.

The first fall meeting of the Association will commence on the third Tuesday of October, (23d) and continue five days.

First day, a sweepstakes, one mile heats, $50 entrance; free for any thing.

Second day, Association purse, $600, four mile heats.

Third day, Association purse, $200, two mile heats.

Fourth day, Association purse, $400, three mile heats.

Fifth day, the Association will give a piece of plate of the value of $100, which, with the entrance money, will be run for, one mile heats, best three in five.

To increase the sports of the meeting, there will be on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, a second race, for purses to be given by the Association; the amount of which, and the distance to be run, will be declared by the Trustees the evening previous. On Tuesday, it is expected, the interesting match race, between the well known Virginia horse, Waxey, and the favorite Kentucky horse, Woodpecker, will be run over the Association course, a single four miles, for $1000 aside. JOHN FOZ, *Secretary.*

CHRISTIANSVILLE RACES.

THE races over the Christiansville Course will commence on Tuesday, 6th day of November next, and continue five days.

First day—Proprietor's purse, $200, two mile heats. Entrance $15.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse, $500, 3 mile heats. Entrance $20.

Third day—Bal. Jockey Club Subscription, mile heats. Entrance $15.

Fourth day—Handicap Purse $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Entrance $15, to be added to purse.

Fifth day—A colt race, $100 entrance, mile heats—3 or more to make a race; subscription closed on the evening preceding first day's race. Also a saddle race, and gate money of that day, free for any horse that has never won a purse of $10. Entrance money hung up without discount.

The proprietor would inform the amateurs of the turf, (as his tract is new,) that he has spared neither pains nor money in rendering the whole convenient and comfortable. To the public he would say, his accommodations are large.

RICHARD C. PURYEAR, Proprietor.

September 25, 1832.

TROTTING COURSE,

MOUNT VERNON, NEAR NEW-YORK CITY.

THE public are respectfully informed that a PURSE will be trotted for over this course on the 18TH OF OCTOBER next, to commence at 5 o'clock every week thereafter, on THURSDAYS, until notice is given to the contrary in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The Course remains open for private Matches and for Training; and Sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.

Oct. 13, 1832.

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky. which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 JAMES MOORE.

PRIZE OFFICE.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 111 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL

Sporting Stores.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 325 Pearl street to No. 52 Fulton street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz: fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, stockers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black Bass, Week, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking. J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
191 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes: do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and buffets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, dovels, frogs, mice, floats, loop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers, Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,

No. 3 Wall-st, cor. New-st, opposite the Church

☞ *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 112 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that by a will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300 000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making; all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Taskling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, *(suitable for the meridian of Washington.)*

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st opposite the Wall-street church.

. VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col Hawker is one of the best sticks in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church

R. N. WHITE,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets New-York

Amusements, &c.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, CARS, AND RAIL-ROAD.

WM. NIBLO respectfully informs the public that he is now exhibiting, in full operation around the Sanda Garden, the beautiful little Engine called the NOVELTY, made expressly for exhibition, together with Cars, which carries four or more persons with great rapidity over a Rail-Road of 140 yards, at the rate of eight miles the hour.

The Novelty was made by Mr. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, a distinguished Mechanician, who has formed it after the model of the lightest and most beautiful of the English Engines. The Novelty for grace of action, ease, and smoothness of motion, will not be disparaged by comparison with any competitive instrument hitherto constructed.

This beautiful specimen of mechatticism would have been exhibited to the New York public before this, had it not been for the *Epsom affair*.

As the Novelty will be exhibited but for a short season, those who wish to indulge a curiosity for witnessing this beautiful specimen of American Mechanism, and Locomotive Experiment, will no doubt find themselves highly gratified, and satisfied, that the time is not far distant, when one of those flying machines, in this age of improvement, may leave New York for the West, and in three days, place cannon on the battle ground, or merchandise in the warehouse of New Orleans, and return to New York in the same week, at the rate ordinarily executed, now on the Liverpool Rail-Road.

The hours of exhibition from 10 to 1, o'clock in the morning, from 3 to 6 in the afternoon, and from 7 to 10 in the evening.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price. s29

PEALE'S MUSEUM

AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,
Broadway, opposite the City Hall

THIS favorite fashionable resort has, during the temporary absence of the greater portion of the inhabitants, undergone numerous alterations and improvement, and no expense has been spared to render it still more attractive.—The proprietor hails with pleasure the reappearance of his friends, and trusts that his humble endeavors to render this establishment a pleasing Evening Lounge, will on its re-opening on Monday evening next, the 3d September, be enlivened by the smiles of numerous citizens and strangers. On that occasion the great Anaconda will be fed with a living rabbit.

To enumerate even a few of the principal curiosities in the Museum, would occupy too much space for an advertisement, and the reputation it has attained by the superiority of its specimens, at once does away the necessity of puffing. The public are invited to judge for themselves.

Admittance as usual, 25 cents—children half price. Season tickets on moderate terms. s29

THE COURT OF DEATH,

PAINTED by Rembrandt Peale, is now open for exhibition and sale at the Rooms (late Athenæum) corner of Broadway and Fine st.

The idea of this subject was taken from Bishop Proteus' Poem on Death. The Picture is 24 feet long, 13 feet high—423 figures size of life. This very popular Picture, which was exhibited in several cities with unprecedented success, has not been unrolled for many years. It was reserved with the idea of forming a Gallery, but that purpose being abandoned, and the author about to proceed to Europe, it will be disposed of by private or public sale, either to deposit in some Gallery or Hospital, or for profitable speculation as an exhibition picture. The following is a correct list of the receipts of this picture during the short period of its exhibition. In Baltimore, $1785; Philadelphia $810, (alarm of yellow fever) New-York, 1767; Boston 1067; Salem 152 Charleston 1099; Savannah 300; Augusta 312; Richmond 277; Washington and Alexandria 670—in all $8239. This picture has lost none of its attraction having been often enquired for; and a new generation has since grown up whose curiosity may be gratified in the contemplation of it.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,
JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

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ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

OCEAN HOUSE,

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mr. LAWRENCE SYLVESTER, is now open for the Season.

This Establishment, being in the immediate vicinity of the Ocean, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea or River Bathing.*

The new Steamboat DAVID BROWN, leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

BOATS, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

THE SERAPHINE,

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL-ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, of an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautiful song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

WATERING PLACE.

No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genteelness of their exterior merits, both for strangers and residents they have finished their Bar in All Wool Oil Cloth of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of the exceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles 71 William street New-York.

Miscellaneous.

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